Saturday Review

JUNE 27, 1959 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

LINCOLN CENTER STATES ITS CASE by Reginald Allen

John McGiffert, producer of Camera Three (See Literary Horizons)

FROM BERNHARDT TO BARDOT by Arthur Mayer

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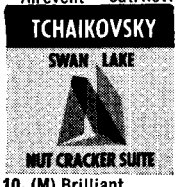

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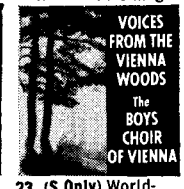

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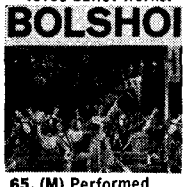

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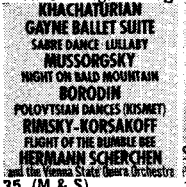

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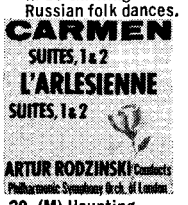

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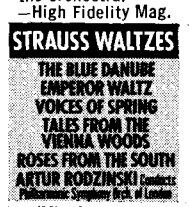

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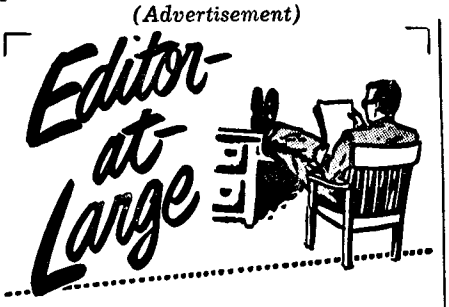

"Home," I overheard a friend murmur the other day, "is where the art is."

My friend sells art books and knows the problem facing the modern reader who likes paintings but who lives in a new house where walls seem to have vanished and where what space is available must be used for bookshelves.

His answer to the problem, obviously, lies in the art books he sells, books which offer the average reader a chance to build his own collection of masters, his own museum without walls.

He recommends (and so do I) two wonderful series of books: One is the Phaidon Press Books, the newest of which is "Michelangelo: Paintings, Sculpture, and Architecture," in which, for only $9.50, you can obtain reproductions of absolutely all the work of this Italian master.

The other series includes the books of the Museum of Modern Art, one of the best of which is Alfred H. Barr, Jr.'s "What Is Modern Painting?", a modestly priced ($1.25), heavily illustrated paperbound volume that tells you just what modern art is all about.

These, and other books of both series, constitute the perfect coffee table adornment (although anyone old-fashioned enough to use a coffee table for serving coffee is advised to remove the books before the cups and urn appear). But more than that they are stimulating additions to the library of any reader who wants the best in art reproductions.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

All Museum of Modern Art and Phaidon Press books, including both titles mentioned above, are distributed by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. and may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. For a new brochure containing a complete listing of all titles in both series send a post card to L. L. Day, Room 1734, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

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JUNE 27, 1959

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLII, No. 26, June 27, 1959. Second class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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By Frederick Franck

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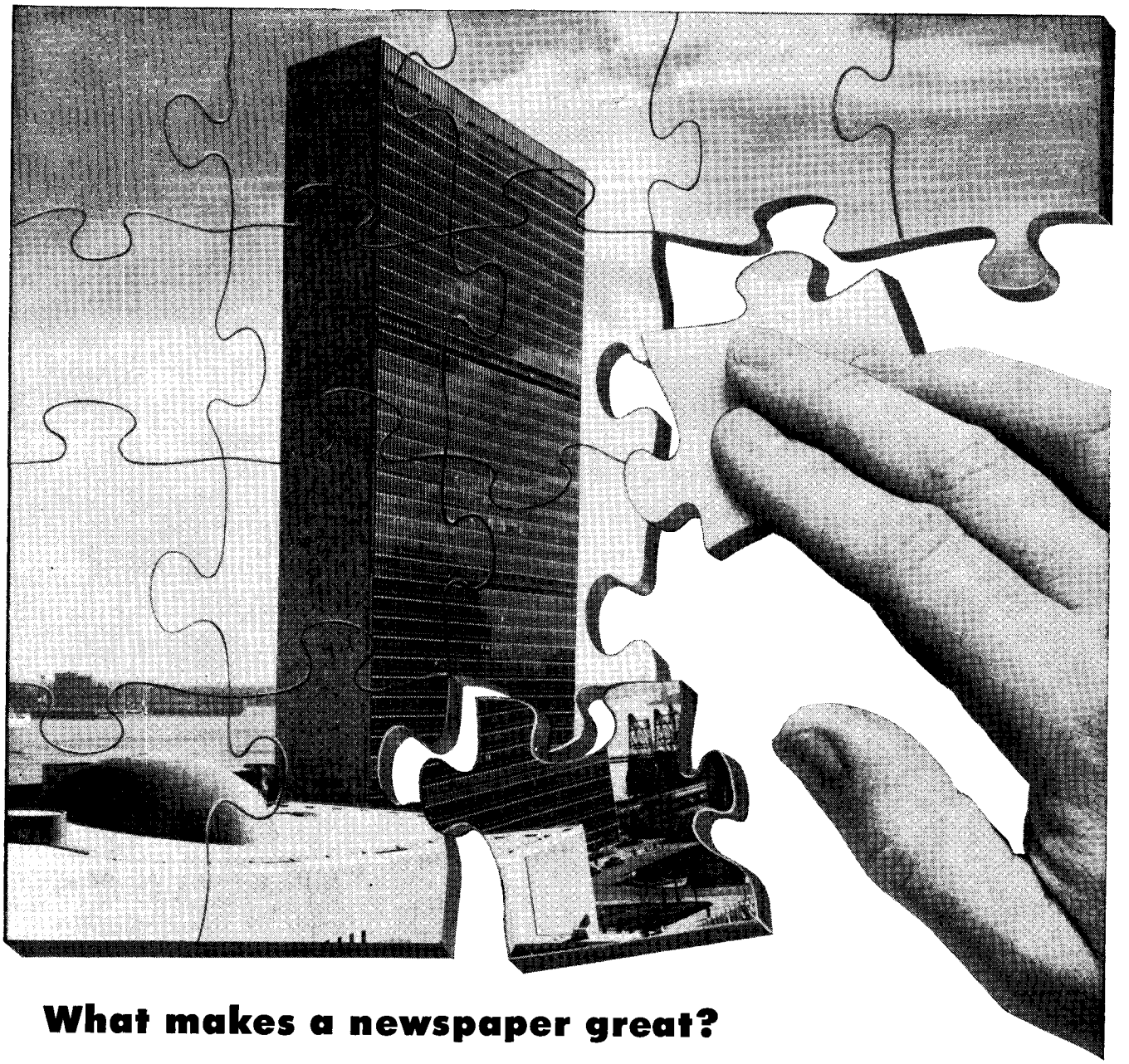
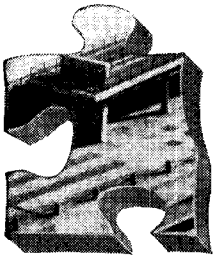


What makes a newspaper great?



Deftly fitting together the puzzling pieces of the day's news has been rewarding work again this past year for Minneapolis Star and Tribune staffers and editors.

To the Star and Tribune's Western European correspondent Graham Hovey went the *1958 Overseas Press Club of America Award* for The Best American Press Interpretation of Foreign Affairs. "Hovey," said the citation, "sought to make sense of the morass of caucuses, maneuvers and technicalities that were beclouding the daily dispatches from the United Nations. The incisive articles that resulted could only enrich the reader's understanding."

Hovey's United Nations coverage was also among the factors mentioned by the *National Headliners Club* in presenting the Minneapolis Star and Tribune with a special citation for consistently comprehensive coverage of local, national and foreign affairs during 1958.

Another factor: the Minneapolis Star Program of Information on World Affairs (now in its 13th year) through which 80,000 Upper Midwest high school students gain a clearer understanding of world news events.

Robert Hewett, the Star and Tribune's Middle East staff correspondent, based in Beirut, is a former *National Headliners Club* award winner for his reports in the Star on life in communist countries.

Also recently cited by the *Headliners Club:* Minneapolis Tribune science writer Victor Cohn for his brilliant series on Russian science, "The Year of the Sputnik," written after extensive travel in Russia. This same series has also just won for Cohn a coveted *Sigma Delta Chi award* for distinguished service in journalism, the third such honor that has come to him.

Penetrating reporting, accurate and complete news coverage, and clear, concise editing are day-after-day, cover-to-cover objectives of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune—objectives which have earned for these two good newspapers the regular readership and responsive regard of an entire region: the 3½ state Upper Midwest area.

Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune

EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY

635,000 SUNDAY · 500,000 DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

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TRADE Winds

WHEN YOU READ Vance Packard's "The Status Seekers" you become amused, indignant, or both, because it all seems to strike so close to home, as the saying goes. But I have just realized that Packard ignored completely one of the most important status symbols —the sun tan. The person with the best tan is at a terrific advantage at the beginning of the season. A man can ride in Manhattan's elevators, or walk its streets, and feel a certain pride in noting that everyone else is rather pale. A fellow with a nice tan early in the year probably got it on the golf course, so if you could X-ray him, you'd note that he is lily white from his sternum to his toes. But as long as he is dressed, you notice his brown, manly hands and his dark cheekbones and you envy him.

For the females, the absolutely lowest notch in status is to appear at the beach or pool: 1) pale; or 2) in an old bathing suit. Getting the old bathing suit replaced is a matter of domestic relations, but No. 1 can be avoided only by sneaking out into the backyard a few moments each sunny day before the season opens. You wear the old bathing suit for this. That's why you must be sure that the new suit has straps in the same place, or you'll have funny white streaks where you don't want them on that big day when you first show yourself off. That's bad for your Sun Tan Status.

I HAPPEN TO KNOW all this because, like any other poor free-lance writer, I go to the beach on weekdays. In Packard's book there is no category for people like us. More than two years ago, when the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company sent us out into the world to shift for ourselves, I immediately reported to the State Unemployment Office, where I stood one day waiting my turn to sign my name.

As I waited, I felt a presence behind me and realized that someone else was in line. I turned, and it was Vance Oakley Packard. He wasn't there on a matter of research as much as he was to collect that $33 check, just like me. Neither of us was very sun tanned at that point. We were more pale than we had ever been, as a matter of fact.

THE AUTHOR OF "Hard Hearts Are for Cabbages" (Crown) is Vii (pronounced vie) Putnam who tells, in this novel, a fascinating lot of stuff about what I suppose you'd call American gypsies. Mrs. Putnam is half gypsy herself, being the granddaughter of Emil Mitchell, who, as King Mitchell I of the gypsies in the United States, was buried in 1942 in a grave in Meridian, Mississippi, next to that of his wife, who died in 1915.

That ceremony in 1915 was something they'll never forget in Meridian. Gypsies from all over descended on Rose Hill Cemetery, where they interred the Queen of the gypsies with a fortune in gold coins and jewels sewed into her Romany gown. King Mitchell I headed the proceedings, which included dumping wine and gold into the coffin. How much the gold coins and jewels are worth is a matter for conjecture. The official figure is $900,000. Fact is, no one can find out, because the copper coffin is embedded in concrete, with a steel plate there for good measure.

That hasn't stopped enterprising folks from trying. There have been several attempts over the years to break in. In one of them a woman was killed right at the Queen's tomb. The latest robbery took place just a couple of months ago. The King's headstone has been overturned and

the Queen's broken in two. The cement cover to the crypt has been broken away, too, but, as in the past, that's as far as they got.

LECTURERS IN CHEMISTRY have known for a long time that chemicals refuse to exhibit their "chemical properties" when an audience is watching a demonstration. Professor Louis Sattler of the Brooklyn College chemistry department says, "I have seen barium sulfate refuse to precipitate, flashlight powder remain sullenly inert, aluminum refuse to dissolve in hydrochloric acid, etc."

According to Professor Sattler, this is the science of "Thermodamnics," which studies the innate cussedness of inanimate objects. The buttered bread falls to the floor with the buttered side down. The spoon in the grapefruit could send the juice in all directions of a hemisphere but the

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30TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AIRLINE THAT KNOWS SOUTH AMERICA BEST

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juice always goes in one direction: the spoon-wielder's eye. Other laws, he says, of Thermodamnics are these:

Put on a freshly pressed suit, and it will rain.

Dress in a hurry, and a shoe lace will break.

Light your pipe with your last match, and the wind will start to blow.

IN "PETER STUYVESANT and His New York" (Random House) Henry H. Kessler and Eugene Rachlis have drawn a vivid picture of the bloody, unromantic goings-on in New Amsterdam and environs while the Dutch were there. If you want to make a study of strife-torn Colonial times, you might as well start here for some real bloodshed and fraud.

One service the authors have performed is to solve the riddle of which was Stuyvesant's peg leg and which wasn't. Dr. Kessler wondered about it

for years, especially when every reference book or history had it differently. Being an orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Kessler as a hobby looked into the story of this first American amputee. At one point, he tried for permission to exhume the body, but the Stuyvesant descendants said no. He finally found himself in Amsterdam, where he dug up a letter in which Stuyvesant had said, "I lost my right leg. . . ." His subsequent research has ended up in the form of this interesting book.

It won't make any difference, however, to the proprietors of New York's Astor Hotel, where in the Stuyvesant Room there is a huge mural depicting events of old Manhattan. Old Peter appears in two separate scenes there, once with his right leg missing and once without his left. That's one way to play it safe.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1317)

E. JENKINS:
ELIZABETH THE GREAT

Pale, frail, glittering with jewels, in long narrow bodice and inordinate skirts that looked fit only for a garden lawn, Elizabeth rode so fast that it alarmed the Master of the Horse responsible for her safety, as if she could not get enough of rapid motion.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

THE TIME OF THE HAMMOCK

Sumer is icumen in;
Lhude sing cuccu!

Thus, as every schoolboy knows, begins T. S. Eliot's immortal *Hiawatha*. And no wonder "The Boy Orator of the Platte" (as T. S. Eliot is commonly called), was moved to pen such light-hearted lines! For summer is the happiest season of the year, mild and balmy and contented-making.

Which brings us of course to Marlboro Cigarettes. They too are mild and balmy and contented-making. But that is not all. They are also genial, placid, and amiable. But that is still not all. They are, moreover, clement, dulcet, and emollient. But hold! There is more. They are, in addition, filtered, flavored, packed or boxed.

Indeed, the list could go on and on until every adjective is exhausted which would describe the excellence of Marlboro Cigarettes. But words alone can never convey the rapture that will be yours, the joy that will quicken your spirits and tingle your marrow, when you get into a hammock this summer with a good book and a Marlboro!

And what books will you read in the long, lazy months ahead? Perhaps I can recommend a few.

First, let me suggest to you a lovely and affecting novel by that sensitive young Southerner, Richard Membrane Haw. It is called *Blood on the Grits*, and it is the tender and poignant story of a delicate young Alabama lad who passes safely through puberty only to be devoured by boll weevils . . . A lovely and affecting book.

Next, I recommend a remarkable work called *Life on the Farm* by Dick Woolly. This is a short book—only 43 words—and, to be perfectly frank, rather a dull one. It would not be worth mentioning here were it not for the fact that the author is a sheep.

To those of you who fancy historical novels—and who does not? eh? who does not?—there are several new volumes that are sure to give you pleasure. There is *Blood on the Visor* by Richard Membrane Haw (he who wrote the lovely and affecting *Blood on the Grits*). There is *Cold Steel and Hot Flashes* by Emmaline Prentiss Moulting. There is *The Black Shield of Sigafoos* by Wruth Wright. There is *Four Quarts in a Galleon* by William Makepeace Clambroth. There are many, many others, all lovely, all affecting.

But of all recent historical novels, the loveliest by far, the most affecting by a country mile, is May Fuster's classic, *I Was a Teen-Age Serf*. Mrs. Fuster, justly famed for her rich historical tapestries, has outdone herself in this tempestuous romance of Angela Bodice, fiery daughter of an entailed fief, who falls madly in love with Waldrip the Bald, head linesman of Bosnia. He, however, is betrothed to Griselda the Fat, a notary public of Verona. Angela, crazed with

mead, leads the downtrodden peasants in a revolt against the mackerel tax. This later becomes the Credit Mobilier Scandal. Angela becomes Ferdinand Magellan. Waldrip becomes the Empire State. Griselda becomes the Morro Castle. Bosnia becomes the Irish Free State. Verona becomes Great Falls, Montana.

A lovely and affecting book!

© 1959, Max Shulman

* * *

The makers of Marlboro, who bring you this column, tell you that in our book, Marlboro is the very best smoke your money can buy . . . A filter that works, a flavor that pleases, all in a handy, choice of soft pack or flip-top box.

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Saturday Review

JUNE 27, 1959

—Bettmann Archive.

FROM BERNHARDT TO BARDOT

—Kingsley International.

By ARTHUR MAYER, *who has been associated with the film industry since 1919. He is the author of "Merely Colossal," co-author with Richard Griffith of "The Movies," and is now at work with* SR*'s film critic, Arthur Knight, on "The Lunatics Take Over the Asylum," a history of United Artists.*

FOR MORE years than I care to remember, I have been hearing that foreign language films are "more mature," "more honest," "more artistic" than our Pacific-grown product. This assumption, particularly prevalent among those who rarely attend American pictures, is primarily due to the care and competence with which, until only recently, a limited number of European motion pictures were selected for showing on our theatre screens. On the rare occasions when they scored a commercial success—"Passion," "Potemkin," "Open City"—the critics of Hollywood rushed into print to announce that movies had "come of age" and that if the American industry did not keep its ear to the ground it would surely soon fall on its face.

And now at last it might appear to a casual observer that these predictions are coming true. Attendance at American motion picture theatres has fallen from approximately 80,000,000 weekly ten years ago to 42,000,000; net profits of the producing companies owning studios have plummeted 75 per cent and the number of pictures released annually by them has sunk from 379 to 238. Meanwhile, the number of foreign language films imported rose from ninety-three in 1948 to 585 in 1958. Last year, according to Variety, foreign pictures grossed (and by "gross" we mean in movie parlance not what exhibitors take in at the box-office, but what they pay to distributors) $14,824,975. The number of so-called "art houses" has soared from 100 to approximately 500, not to mention three- to four-thousand commercial theatres prepared occasionally to book foreign movies, particularly if they are short on art and long on sex or sadism.

Although the percentage of the total market tapped to date by the foreign cinema is still negligible—probably less than 5 per cent—many of my friends blithely assume that the increased demand is indisputable evidence that the revolt against Hollywood is in full swing. It is undoubtedly true that studio mass production techniques are being largely replaced by independent production, but this does not necessarily imply the end of an era when opulence was of more consequence than imagination, and size a greater asset than sincerity.

Actually, there are portents pointing in almost the opposite direction. The growing popularity of foreign films may well be due to a deterioration in the standards by which they are selected for the American market rather than an improvement in public taste. Just as more and more American picture producers are relying for box-office appeal on the size of their "block-busters," foreign film-makers seem to be putting their faith on the size of the busts of their leading ladies. The two most eminently successful pictures in the United States in the past two years were the incredibly costly "The Ten Commandments" and "Around the World in 80 Days." The French sensation, which cleaned up in America last year—though "cleaned up" may be a singularly inappropriate characterization—is "And God Created Woman," of which one assiduous patron said: "Even the fourth time I saw it I didn't like it." And a plague of new and old Bardot films has ridden to success on Bardot's coattails, or rather, her bath towels. Meanwhile, the outlook for more home-made "Martys" and "Twelve Angry Men" is almost as unpropitious as that for new English "Brief Encounters," Italian "Bicycle Thiefs" or French "Sous Les Toits de Paris."

A large measure of the growing patronage of foreign films can be attributed not to any marked progress in audience standards, but to the reduction in Hollywood production, which is forcing many theatres to

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reluctantly abandon double features, hold pictures for longer engagements or to look elsewhere for films. It is also partially due to the increased acceptance of "dubbing," by which English words can be made to coincide more or less clumsily with the lip movements of actors speaking in a foreign tongue, a process that the less "mature" audiences of yesterday used to reject with raucous laughter. Lastly, there has been a growing appreciation of backgrounds of old civilizations with new faces in the foregrounds, "new faces" being a generic trade term to describe the bodily charms of such ladies as Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida.

Historically speaking, there is nothing new in this American interest in foreign films and foreign personalities. Around the turn of the century a French magician, George Méliès, became captivated by the possibilities inherent in the motion picture camera. One day he was filming a truck coming down the street. His primitive camera jammed and by the time it was again rolling, the scene had changed. When the picture was projected on a screen, the truck was instantaneously transformed into a hearse. Movie magic had been born! Méliès proceeded to experiment with double exposures, fades and superimpositions. To the public's delighted amazement, he showed people flying through the air or transformed before their eyes into beasts. What is even more important, however, in many of his early pictures such as "A Trip to the Moon," he demonstrated for the first time the unparalleled story telling powers inherent in the new medium.

MÉLIÈS'S films were imported into the United States where their ingenuity and wit immediately made them well liked. What they failed to do, however, was to make Mr. Méliès well-to-do. His negatives were promptly "duped" by unscrupulous American distributors so that he had no share in their profits and he himself eventually died in a home for indigent old actors.

Europe progressed and matured cinematically much more rapidly than America, largely because Thomas Edison, our revered inventive genius, had one minor eccentricity. In the slang of his day, he squeezed the eagle on a silver dollar so hard that it hollered. Moreover, he regarded his moving pictures as an amusing minor gadget which, unless harnessed to his phonograph, would have little lasting popularity. When he was informed that it would cost as much as $150 to take out foreign patents, he declared that he was not going to squander any such prodigal sum on so unlikely an enterprise. As a consequence, although in the United States all of his patents as well as those of his competitors were acquired by the Motion Picture Patents Company, nothing of a similar nature occurred in Europe. At home, myopic executives of the trust decreed that ten minutes was as long as the morons who attended pictures would be able to concentrate on a subject, that ten cents was as much as they would or could afford to pay, and that to employ distinguished performers from the Broadway stage would be equivalent to serving pearls to swine. The custom of disparaging the intelligence of its patrons made its appearance early in top motion picture circles and has persisted ever since. If a producer disagreed with the ruling of the Patent Company, he could buy no licensed camera; if an exhibitor rebelled, he could obtain no licensed projection machine.

In Europe, on the contrary, moviemakers were free to experiment with any themes or techniques that they saw fit. It was taken for granted that audiences oriented to the theatre would be attracted by the possibilities inherent in a new medium of entertainment and communication like the cinema. In France, a company was organized with the offensive name of Film d'Art, which specialized in making pictures from the novels of such famous authors as Victor Hugo, Anatole France, and Sardou. It utilized distinguished performers from the Comédie Française, well-known musicians, ballet dancers, and theatrical directors. Incidentally, the pictures made with these promising ingredients proved highly unpalatable.

An enterprising Frenchman, Louis Mercanton, however, persuaded the aging Sarah Bernhardt to appear in "Queen Elizabeth," which ran the unprecedented length of an hour. The Divine Sarah, then approaching the close of her career, had a wooden leg and an equally inflexible conception of the nature of acting whether on the stage or before a camera. She was, however, thrilled by the opportunity to star on the screen and declared that motion pictures offered her her only chance for immortality.

Nothing could have been less conducive to thespian immortality than Bernhardt's performance in "Queen Elizabeth," but it promoted an insignificant-looking, supremely ambitious little ex-furrier named Adolph Zukor into the less exalted order of cinematic immortals. He defied the trust, purchased the American rights to "Queen Elizabeth," and opened it on July 12, 1912, at the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Americans flocked to pay $1 admission—"highway robbery" was what Mr. Zukor's friendly rival, Marcus Loew, called it—to see their first feature film. It proved the prelude to the conception by Zukor of Famous Players in Famous Plays and the swan song of brief episodic films acted by anonymous performers in dingy and depressing converted stores. The great middle class awoke to the realization that something previously undreamt of was happening in the field of entertainment. Road shows, vaudeville and American family life as we had known it were things of the past.

SO IMPRESSIVE was the public acclaim that greeted "Queen Elizabeth" that one year later a twelve-reel Italian film, "Quo Vadis?," precursor of many cinematic spectacles (including a new "Quo Vadis?" or a "Ben Hur" whenever business really got bad) was shown at the Astor Theatre. And George Kleine, the film's promoter, became the first American to enter the business of regularly importing foreign films. He organized twenty-two shows to exhibit "Quo Vadis?," in the process converting, as

The Beginnings of Film Importing

—From "The Movies" (Simon and Schuster).

1912. Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth"—Americans flocked to first feature-length film.

1913. Scene from "Quo Vadis?"—The business of regular foreign imports began.

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he once described it to me, "scores of unprofitable legitimate theatres into highly lucrative illegitimacy."

Meanwhile, America's foremost director, D. W. Griffith, had produced a four-reeler, "Judith of Bethulia," which was temporarily shelved by the Biograph Company as part of the trust's program of suppressing feature films. Emboldened as well as enraged by the successful entry into the American market of rival foreign-made full-length pictures, Griffith deserted to Mutual and poured forth his unlimited talents as well as his limited personal funds into making what was first known as "The Klansman." The release in 1915 of "The Birth of a Nation" proved also to be the birth of a new era in picture making. Much as we owe to Europe for its leadership in the early, formative film days, Europe is even more indebted to Griffith, who once and for all clearly established the fundamental differences between the technique of the theatre and of the cinema. "The Birth" took over three hours and the admission price was $2 (more than the equivalent of $4 today). I only mention this to indicate that long shows and high admission prices are not exclusively a recent movie phenomenon.

The First World War decimated the motion picture industries of France, Italy, and England; Hollywood became the recognized film capital of the world. Ninety per cent of the pictures exhibited in Europe were American-produced, while temporarily the importation of films into the United States almost completely disappeared. Indeed, with the continued vast increases in production costs it is doubtful if, deprived of government aid, the industry outside of the United States of America could long exist. The U.S. today is the only country in the world producing a substantial number of films, where they are not subsidized. And the only reason the American companies can survive without assistance is because their domestic revenues are doubled by those that they receive from abroad.

Partially as a consequence of governmental aid, German films soared in the early 1920s to supremacy in the world market and in the estimation of students of the cinema. The most famous among them was "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," the macabre story of a madman told against a highly stylized, modernistic background.

Sam Goldwyn, whose taste is as impeccable as his English (for publicity purposes exclusively) used to be faulty, saw "Caligari" and was much intrigued by it. He screened it in his company's projection room for his sales executives and advertising directors. One and all they thought it as distasteful a picture as they had ever had to sit through. Indeed, the only person who liked it besides Mr. Goldwyn was myself, and my position with the company in 1919 was only one degree above that of a glorified office boy. Most exhibitors refused to play it and some of those who did subsequently sued us for having driven their patrons away for many months. Goldwyn was fired by Goldwyn Pictures—and what was worse, so was I. But though "Caligari" was a financial failure, it was the parent of all the vampires, ghouls and monsters, the teen-age werewolves and the sons and grandsons of Frankenstein and Dracula that still run amuck on our theatre and TV screens.

Other German films were imported into the United States for the first time by major American companies and met with much greater public approbation. First National distributed "Passion" in 1919 and audiences drooled over the charms and talents of Pola Negri. Murnau's "Last Laugh" was handled by Universal; its complete elimination of all titles and its intuitive use of the camera to convey the emotions of an aging hotel doorman made an unforgettable impression. The most successful of all, however, was "Variety," imported by Paramount, with its portrayal by Emil Jannings of the tragic love of a trapeze artist. It broke every previous record for foreign film attendance. American producers, constantly on the prowl for talent, particularly when it has been recognized by others, raided the German studios, paying huge salaries. Our screen was enriched by international stars such as Garbo, Dietrich, Jannings, Negri, and Veidt and by outstanding directors such as Lubitsch, Murnau, Curtiz, and Dieterle.

MEANWHILE, a new and gifted generation of young directors appeared in France. Abel Gance devised a triple screen for his "Napoleon" twenty-five years ahead of Cinerama. Jean Renoir demonstrated in "Nana" that he had inherited much of the genius of his father, and René Clair's "Italian Straw Hat" was the first intimation to us in America that a sparkling new wit with a discerning eye for the ridiculous and the pretentious was about to revive the early glories of French comedy.

But the final flowering of the silent era of European films was Carl Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc." Made in Paris in 1928 with a Danish director, an Italian star, a Polish cameraman, a German set designer, and a largely French cast, it was a truly international project. What it said silently through the faces and hands of its protagonists could, however, be heard distinctly by picture-goers in every country of the world. Geniuses like Chaplin, Garbo, and Dreyer needed and need no sound to enable them to talk to all mankind.

Not only were the German studios denuded of talent by their American rivals; they were also led astray by the will-o'-the-wisp vision of obtaining a large slice of the American market. Whenever this has happened to foreign picture producers, the results have been catastrophic. In its own field of highly polished, mass-produced pictures for a mass audience, no one can out-Hollywood Hollywood. Only when movies are the embodiment of the mores of their native countries, when they speak in terms and characterizations indigenous to their own way of life—in French films like Pagnol's, for instance, or Italian like De Sica's or English like the Guinness comedies have they con-

(*Continued on page* 31)

—From "From Caligari to Hitler" (Kracauer).

Scene from "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"—Exhibitors sued and Goldwyn was fired.

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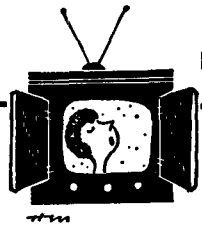


LITERARY HORIZONS

Channeled Reading

By Granville Hicks

LAST winter and spring I was exposed to television as I have never been before. Most of what I saw seemed to me pretty dreadful, but that is not the point just now, for I want to talk about two shows that did impress me and that indicated the possibility of a fruitful alliance between literature and television.

My first chance to watch a television adaptation of a considerable piece of literature came with Playhouse 90's production on two Thursday evenings in March of Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and I was disappointed. For one thing, of course, there were the commercials, which came along every ten minutes or so and succeeded in destroying whatever illusion might have been created. But the production itself, in spite of a few moving scenes, underlined the limitations of the medium and made me look back fondly on the film version.

By this time I had learned to respect and appreciate **Camera Three,** which I had been watching Sunday mornings on WCBS-TV. But I was apprehensive just the same when I heard that on April 5 Camera Three was to produce "Bartleby the Scrivener." "Bartleby" is one of Melville's greatest short stories and one of his subtlest. Newton Arvin has written: "What Bartleby essentially dramatizes is not the pathos of dementia praecox but the bitter metaphysical pathos of the human situation itself; the cosmic irony of the truth that men are at once immitigably interdependent and immitigably forlorn." To render all this was, I feared, beyond the powers even of Camera Three.

I was wrong. The credit for the success of the adaptation must go to many persons. Clair Roskam, who wrote the script, obviously understood very well what Melville was driving at and was completely faithful to his spirit while remaining as faithful to the letter as time and the medium would permit. With the intelligence of the script writer were combined the integrity and the resourcefulness of the producer, John McGiffert, and the director, John Desmond. And Ellis Rabb, who impressed me as both actor and director at the Antioch Shakespeare Festival in 1957, made a wonderful Bartleby.

Nothing I have recently seen on television, on the screen, or on the stage remains more sharply in my mind than Rabb's thin, impassive face as he repeated Bartleby's announcement of his withdrawal from the family of mankind: "I would prefer not to." So wisely was the camera used that that image dominated the screen just as Bartleby's words dominate the story. And in the background was Bartleby's poor, bewildered, infinitely sympathetic employer, admirably played by Clarence Derwent, with his strange sense of responsibility to the unhappy scrivener. When the twenty-five minutes ended, I found myself as bemused and elated as if I had just discovered the story.

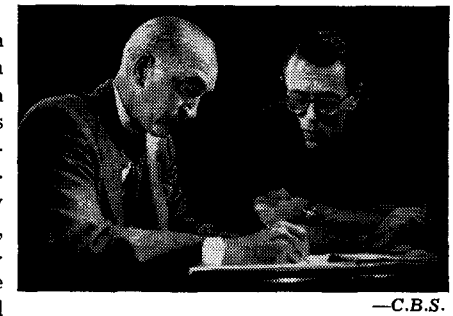
The next week Camera Three tackled a different kind of literary work, Sara Orne Jewett's "The Country of the Pointed Firs." Since the novel is made up of a series of episodes, the basic problem was to select wisely material that would render the book's spirit. Joseph Hurley, who wrote the script, used Miss Jewett's last chapter as a prologue, and then allowed himself a fair amount of leeway in adapting four episodes.

To say that the production was less powerful than "Bartleby" is only to say that it was true to the original, for Miss Jewett was no Melville. But, like the book, it was not merely charming, not merely nostalgic. Captain Littlepage is mad when he tells his story of the country of the dead, and Joseph Sweeney's rendering of his madness was chilling enough. Jane Rose and Arthur Hughes and Maureen Delaney, as Almira Todd, her brother William, and their mother, were not amusing rural types but human beings of stature. There is sentimentality in "The Country of the Pointed Firs," but there is also a strong sense of human dignity, and one felt this in Camera Three's production. (Again John McGiffert was producer and John Desmond director. As host, Jim Macandrew displayed the combination of urbanity and intelligence I had learned to expect.)

Camera Three has been in existence

(*Continued on page 28*)

AMONG THE BRIGHTEST spots on Sunday television is Camera Three, which has won for itself a reputation as one of the week's liveliest, most entertaining programs. Within its six-year history it has grown in size to ninety stations and in scope to include, as well as literature, history, social commentary, the arts. In the past its programs have sampled Shakespeare, Thurber, motets, and modern jazz, and future plans range from a study of medical ethics to a story by Sigrid Undset.



—*C.B.S.*

John McGiffert, r, with host, Jim Macandrew

The force behind Camera Three is producer John McGiffert, whose intelligence and taste mark its presentations. McGiffert is remarkably well equipped for his job. As a teacher at a boys' school he learned to present poetry to capture the enthusiasm of the most reluctant student. His experience as a writer of three-minute radio news features contributed to his knowledge of what can be done successfully in a brief span of time. McGiffert's first foray into producing was at Ann Arbor, where he directed an educational television series. In 1956 he came to Camera Three as a script writer and, eight months ago, he moved into the producer's chair.

Of Camera Three, McGiffert says, "It's a producer's show. With a small-scale program the producer has greater freedom to develop his own ideas." He guides his show by stern concepts. "Camera Three should be obliquely educational—never academic. Nor should it be avant garde. There just aren't enough 'cultural' programs for one to be too special in interest. We want to continue to surprise the audience by presenting a variety of subjects."

The limitations of television, especially for a twenty-five minute program, are something to which McGiffert has given careful thought. "We shouldn't try to do what the movies do better. Television has an intimate flavor, not great scope. Instead of attempting to present an entire novel we prefer to dramatize only that portion that distills the book's essence. Our greatest success," McGiffert concluded, "is when the viewer goes ahead and reads the book for himself."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

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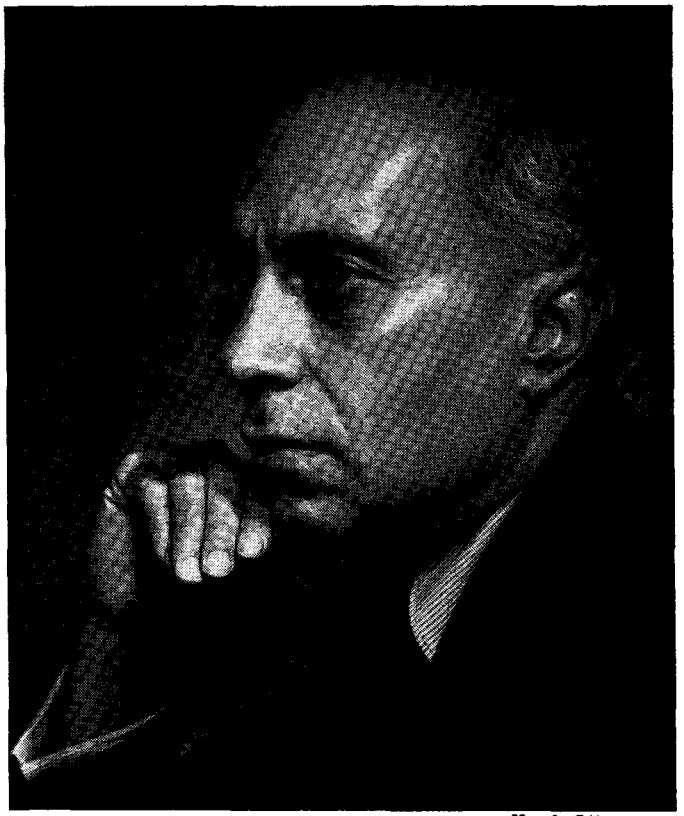
A Glowing Light in the Gray Gallery of Leaders

"Nehru: A Political Biography," by Michael Brecher *(Oxford. 682 pp. $8.50), and* ***"Nehru and Democracy: The Political Thought of an Asian Democrat," by Donald Eugene Smith*** *(Longmans, Green. 194 pp. $5.25), between them, reveal the contradictory personality of India's Prime Minister. The author of "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," Louis Fischer, evaluates the two books.*

By Louis Fischer



—*Karsh-Ottawa*-PIX.

Nehru—Gandhi called him "more English *than Indian in his thought and make-up."*

IN THE gray gallery of world statesmen, the few colorful figures glow all the brighter: Chairman Khrushchev, Chancellor Adenauer, General de Gaulle, President Sukarno, and, not least, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. These are all older men. There are no Pitts or Napoleons. Nehru is seventy. Yet he seems eternally young. Perhaps it is because he is so photogenic and handsome, a fact stressed by Professor Brecher, the serious author of "Nehru: A Political Biography." Probably it is also because, on the threshold of his eighth decade, Nehru's mind is not set. He still gropes for the truth. Self-loving yet self-critical, public-spirited yet self-centered, he gives the impression of a man addressing a huge audience and talking to himself. The result is an image of doubt and honesty. Nehru can proclaim a principle and yield to expediency, embrace an ism and reject its dogma, make a show of strength and succumb to pressures. He is an attractive bundle of contradictions: an agnostic who rules a religious people, an aristocrat devoted to the masses, an intellectual clothed with power, a Socialist collaborating with adamantine conservatives, an Easterner who is Western (Gandhi called him "more English than Indian in his thought and make-up"), a rebel whose explosions of wrath against his imperious father and the irresistible Mahatma almost always ended in obedience.

Both books under review show Nehru ever changing and growing within the constant shell of his personality. Professor Brecher had the advantage of a number of extended talks with his subject, access to many invaluable unpublished letters by and to Nehru, and years of careful research in England, India, and elsewhere. His authoritative biography now takes precedence over all its predecessors and even over the autobiography of the 1930s ("Toward Freedom"). It is scholarly, indeed a bit too scholarly, for I miss the actuality of the hot, churning, crowded, troubled, undisciplined 400 millions. Nevertheless the country's history and problems are clearly delineated, and even the man emerges from this "political biography"—if only as a by-product of the wealth of data.

For instance, there is no attempt to analyze or even illuminate Nehru's relation to women or of women to him. He married Kamala Kaul in 1916. In 1931, he took her on a vacation to Ceylon. "On this trip," he wrote, "we seemed to have discovered each other anew," and he commented on their "new and more intimate relationship." In 1934 Kamala developed pulmonary tuberculosis, from which she died two years later. Meditating on her death, he remarked, "Why we had just begun to know and understand each other; our joint life was only now properly beginning." From talks with persons very close to Nehru I gather that many women, white and brown, have adored him and he has been interested in them, but he has never loved, and sex played a minor role in his life. Does this explain his bouncing energy, his temperament (which Brecher calls "mercurial"), and his extrovert love of crowds, before whom, as he has admitted in an extraordinary written confession, he enjoys being the actor deliberateful evoking desired emotions and reveling in the adulation? Listing Nehru's characteristics, Brecher adds, "Underlying them all has been an abiding sense of loneliness." The Nehru of 1958 is described as "a disappointed and lonely man . . . With the exception of Krishna Menon, Nehru no longer has close Indian friends."

Brecher offers no key to the Nehru-Menon relationship but refers often to the Indian Prime Minister's friendship with Lord and Lady Mountbatten, whose names head the list of Nehru's non-Indian intimates. Of Lord Louis

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and Nehru, Brecher asserts, "From their first meeting in Malaya in 1946 they were drawn to each other," and he alludes to "a powerful mutual attraction between very similar personalities." But Lady Mountbatten "could understand him [Nehru] as most Indian women whom he knew could not."

Like all mortals, Nehru is the product of heredity, experience, and the influence of persons. ". . . during the first year of India's independence," Brecher asserts, "Lord Mountbatten exerted far more influence on Nehru's decisions than did his [Congress] party or Cabinet colleagues." Mountbatten was Britain's Viceroy during the anguished period when India achieved freedom and suffered partition. Brecher reports that in India "many Indians expressed the view that partition was never inescapable, that it was the conscious choice of Indian leaders, notably Nehru and Patel." Brecher assigns the "crucial role in the great decision" to Nehru.

SINCE Brecher wrote we have the testimony of one of Nehru's great contemporaries, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, President of the Congress party, the leading Moslem nationalist, an Islamic scholar of world repute. "If there is one man whose position approximated Gandhi's as the recipient of Nehru's complete confidence," Brecher states, "it was Azad." Posthumously, for alas the magnanimous Maulana died a few months ago, there appeared his autobiography, "India Wins Freedom," with a preface by Humayun Kabir, Azad's close associate and Minister of Cultural Affairs in the Nehru government. The book is dedicated, with consent, "For Jawaharlal Nehru, Friend and Comrade." Nehru saw the text before publication, and when asked at a press conference after it was published he agreed, with his usual noble generosity, that Azad's criticisms had validity. "Within a month of Lord Mountbatten's arrival in India [in March, 1947]," writes Azad, "Jawaharlal, the firm opponent of partition had become, if not a supporter, at least acquiescent toward the idea.

"I have often wondered," he continues, "how Jawharlal was won over by Lord Mountbatten. Jawaharlal is a man of principle, but he is also impulsive and amenable to personal influence . . . Jawaharlal was greatly impressed by Lord Mountbatten, but perhaps even greater was the influence of Lady Mountbatten . . . Another person who probably influenced Jawaharlal on this question [partition] was Krishna Menon . . . I did not feel very happy about this, as I felt Krishna Menon often gave him wrong advice." (More pungent personal reflections by Azad on Krishna Menon and others have been set down in a thirty-page memoir sealed and deposited in the national archives for later publication.)

Azad emphasizes that Nehru's biggest contribution to the disaster of partition antedated Mountbatten's advent. "Now," he relates, "occurred one of those unfortunate events which change the course of history. On July 10 [1946], Jawaharlal held a press conference in Bombay in which he made a statement that the Congress party would enter the Constituent Assembly 'completely unfettered by agreements and free to meet all situations as they arise.' . . . I must place on record," Azad says, "that Jawaharlal's statement was wrong." Azad, who, with Gandhi, Nehru, and Patel, negotiated for independence with the British Cabinet Mission of Cripps, Alexander, and Pethick Lawrence, affirms, and the official texts confirm, that Congress was clearly committed to the Mission's plan, faulty though it was, for a united India.

I attended that fateful press interview in Bombay, and when it broke up I said to Nehru in the presence of Mrs. Pandit, his sister, "You have changed the entire basis of the agreement with England."

"I am fully aware of that," he replied with a smile.

According to Azad, Nehru's incorrect statement that Congress was free despite its acceptance of the plan gave Jinnah the opportunity to make his demand for Pakistan effective. Jinnah had agreed to the Cabinet Mission's undivided-India scheme, Azad argues, "only because nothing better could be obtained." But now that Nehru announced Congress would not abide by the plan, Jinnah also withdrew from it. Violence followed. The Attlee government took alarm. When Mountbatten, in immaculate tropical whites and a long row of medals, stepped from his plane onto the dusty soil of India, the country was on the eve of the planet's worst unorganized killing, in which at least half a million Hindus, Sikhs, and Moslems were slaughtered

(*Continued on page* 29)

The Man Who May Be President

"Richard Nixon: A Political and Personal Portrait," by Earl Mazo *(Harper. 309 pp. $3.95), illuminates the complex character of the man who may be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. For the past two decades William H. Lawrence has been the White House correspondent for* The New York Times.

By William H. Lawrence

EARL MAZO's account of the life and times of Vice President Nixon is, by all odds, the best biography of the controversial man who may be our next President that has yet appeared.

Happily, it is neither idolatrous, nor is it a "hatchet" job. What Mr. Mazo has put together is basically a reporter's report: a collection of facts —the good with the bad—about Mr. Nixon, his personal and political history, his temperament, his thoughts and beliefs.

Although it was prepared with the most complete coöperation of Mr. Nixon and his staff, including access to hitherto unpublished personal papers, the biography certainly is not the "campaign" book candidates usually arrange to have published.

There is, in this volume, a lot of praise for Mr. Nixon and his accomplishments; but there is also harsh criticism of the "malignant innuendo" of his campaign hyperbole and other actions. Both sides will find it useful source material next year—in the struggle for the Republican Presidential nomination, as well as, if he wins in the convention, in the battle for votes in November.

To Mr. Mazo, the Nixon personality is "singularly complex, a paradoxical combination of qualities that bring to mind Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and Joe McCarthy,"

—*Wide World.*

President Eisenhower celebrates his 1956 victory with Vice-President Nixon. In the privacy of the White House he was almost made Secretary of Defense.

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which is probably the first time those four names have been linked in a single sentence to say nothing of a single individual. And he concludes that "no one, whether in dismay or in admiration, can expect that Richard Nixon would be a weak executive."

WHAT makes the book particularly fascinating reading is that it contains a lot of previously unpublished political history. There is the fullest account yet of the crisis over the 1952 disclosure of "the California fund" for Mr. Nixon, and the pressures Mr. Nixon was under to get off the ticket promptly to avoid another Republican defeat. It tells how an undecided General Eisenhower, hoping characteristically that *he* wouldn't have to make the decision, telephoned to his still undecided, but, by now, quite depressed, running mate, only to have Mr. Nixon snap back, "There comes a time in a man's life when he has to fish or cut bait." Mr. Mazo parenthetically admits this quotation is false, because the Nixon words were stronger; and one hears that the words had an earthy flavor that must have shocked a five-star General whose word had always been law with subordinates.

One of the Democratic complaints about Mr. Nixon is that any campaign in which he is involved gets mighty rough, that the Nixon technique is to "go for the jugular." This book reports that the Eisenhower forces got the same treatment from the Nixon camp within a week after the Vice President barely escaped being dropped from the ticket. The issue was some nationwide television time, originally set aside for Mr. Nixon to talk about the Alger Hiss case, which had been pre-empted for General Eisenhower, himself. Murray Chotiner, the valuable close personal campaign aide who later was to be dropped by Nixon as a possible liability, got the time Mr. Nixon wanted by threatening Republican headquarters he would ask the public to put Mr. Nixon on the air on another network opposite General Eisenhower "with the dual speeches being billed as a contest for the biggest audience." Mr. Mazo reports Mr. Chotiner made this bold threat to party headquarters without Mr. Nixon's knowledge.

These and other incidents serve to explain why there has not been a close personal friendship between the President and his Vice President, and between the Vice President and some of the key powerful White House aides.

He fought until the end the White House decision in 1954 that the time had come, at long last, to come to grips with Joe McCarthy. Mr. Mazo discloses that Mr. Nixon was so lonely in the Administration, and so generally dissatisfied with things political, that in February, 1954, he agreed with his wife, Pat, to retire from politics when his first term ended in 1956—and at her request he noted the decision and date on a small slip of paper he tucked into his wallet. By 1956, however, he was shocked and hurt when President Eisenhower, in a man-to-man conversation in the privacy of the White House, did not ask him to run for re-election but instead suggested the Nixon political future might be served better by his taking a Cabinet job instead, specifically as Secretary of Defense. Again he decided to quit, and to announce it publicly, but was dissuaded by Republican professionals in whom he confided. All this was months before Harold E. Stassen began his spectacular, if abortive, "Dump Nixon" campaign, but it helps to explain in part the uneasiness of the Nixon camp until the renomination was safely sewed up.

In terms of 1960 and the battle for the nomination—in which the only prospective strong rival seems to be Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York—it is interesting that Mr. Nixon chose to make available to Mr. Mazo a series of previously unpublished letters of praise for Mr. Nixon from Mr. Rockefeller. In these the New Yorker writes as an ardent supporter of Mr. Nixon for renomination, and one who greatly admired the Vice President's struggles, within the Administration, for strong stands for stronger policies.

THE Rockefeller letters, by the way, are much friendlier and more intimate than the letters also published in the book from President Eisenhower to his young lieutenant. One of the Eisenhower letters, although addressed "Dear Dick," actually is signed "Dwight David Eisenhower." The formal, official signature he puts on laws and proclamations is "Dwight D. Eisenhower," but letters to real Presidential intimates bear the signature "D.E." and those to slightly lesser intimates are signed "D.D.E."

A Decade Past Was France's Future

"Charles de Gaulle: The Crucial Years, 1943-1944," by Arthur Layton Funk *(University of Oklahoma Press. 336 pp. $5), complements the self-portrait revealed in "The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle"* [SR *May 16*]. *D. W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, wrote "The French Nation."*

By D. W. Brogan

RECENT events have made this very admirable book highly topical. We are shown here what manner of man the President of the Fifth Republic is—or was—and how he attained that position in French life and respect that made possible the peaceful revolution of 1958. But it should be said in fairness to Professor Funk that this book was planned and written before Charles de Gaulle returned to Paris from Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises and, indeed, is written from the point of view of an historian for whom the active career of General de Gaulle was over. This is not a book rushed out to meet a current demand but a learned, scrupulously written piece of research into contemporary history.

What Professor Funk has set out to do is to explain the difficult and, in more than one sense, devious ways in which General de Gaulle—from being in the eyes of the American Government just one, and not the most important or promising, of the claimants to represent the present interests and future government of France—became the only possible depositary of French sovereignty and the only man who could deliver the goods, the main good being the provision of an effective French government at the moment of liberation. It is a long and complicated story, from which none of the chief actors, not de Gaulle, not Sir Winston, above all, not the President of the United States comes out with undiminished credit. But the chief sufferer from this remarkable piece of scholarship is FDR. For it was he who to the end, past all point of reason, refused to see in de Gaulle anything more than a pretentious "prima donna," who, in face of all the evidence that piled up and flooded in, kept on pretending that it was possible or wise to postpone the whole question of the future government of France till after the liberation and who, till the facts flew in his face after the liberation of Normandy, seems to have hankered after some kind of

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American provisional government for a country that, so FDR thought, had lost all its claims to be treated seriously by its ignominious defeat in 1940.

As Professor Funk shows, by the summer of 1944 nobody but the President held to these views. Even such old enemies of de Gaulle as Secretary Hull and Admiral Leahy had surrendered in face of the evidence. In fact, we see here FDR slapdash as an administrator, pigheaded as a planner, and what can only be called vindictive in his attitude to the man whom he had so long and so vainly opposed.

It is not only FDR who comes out with diminished prestige. Sir Winston, determined that nothing should separate him from the White House, had to play the part of the bully and the scold, often against the anguished apprehensions and judgment of the Foreign Office and of Sir Anthony Eden. Nor does Charles de Gaulle emerge unscathed. While much can be said for his intransigent attitude in his period of exile or during the fight for political survival in Algiers, it would have been more magnanimous and deeply wise to have overlooked protocol and met Roosevelt at Algiers. There is more to be said for his opposition to the projected abandonment of Strasbourg in December, 1944, especially as his opposition succeeded and Strasbourg was not sacrificed. But his conduct in the last weeks of the campaign around Stuttgart was scandalous and deserved the brisk rebuke that the new President promptly administered. Indeed, Truman rather than Churchill or Roosevelt was a match for de Gaulle!

WHAT was the origin of the erroneous American policy? It is the only serious blemish in this very excellent book that it concentrates on American policy almost exclusively and ignores all but completely the history of Gaulism before the United States was a belligerent. But a great deal had happened before Pearl Harbor and no British government could forget it. Their hands were, to some extent, tied by a public opinion that was bitterly resentful of any apparent sacrifice of the handful of Frenchmen who had stood by Britain in the dread summer of 1940 in favor of later ralliers to the now winning cause. It is for this reason that I find it hard to accept Professor Funk's view that the assassination of Darlan was a loss for the Allies. I can well remember the intensity of British public opinion on this point when it seemed that de Gaulle was to be slighted in favor of so ambiguous a recruit at Darlan. This feeling was a political force very little understood in Washington (but un-

(*Continued on page* 29)

FICTION

The Wily Ways of the World

***"Memento Mori," by Muriel Spark** (Lippincott. 224 pp. $3.95), and **"A Travelling Woman," by John Wain** (St. Martin's Press. 208 pp. $3.95), are both English novels whose wild good humor are tempered by the authors' sense of the grotesque. Anne Fremantle often comments on contemporary British fiction for* SR.

By Anne Fremantle

—Jacket art from "Memento Mori."

A hospital ward with twelve Grannies.

ESCHATOLOGY is the science of the last things. And these, ever to be remembered, are four: death, judgment, hell, and heaven. With these, "Memento Mori" and "A Travelling Woman" deal in their varied ways. The delightful thing about these two novels is that they are both quite outrageously funny; for nothing is so hilarious as another's misfortune, properly presented: the cuckold, the man from under whom a chair is suddenly removed, the chamber pot emptied onto the passing royal head—these are the stuff of comedy since clowns began.

Mrs. Spark has written a brilliant, gruesome volume of gerontology, that new-fangled science of the aged. All her major characters—and there are more than a dozen of them—are over seventy. A singularly unappetizing bunch they are, linked by their discomfort and terror at the repeated message delivered by a mysterious, anonymous telephonist, who tells them only, "Remember you must die." To some, his voice is heard as a boy's treble; to others, as uneducated, with a lisp; to one, it is a woman's voice. Dame Lettie, aged seventy-nine, who first hears the voice, fares the worst, being clubbed to death in her bed. The others, but one, survive until the last page, when they are unesthetically disposed of, killed off in a list, like checked laundry items.

But before such abrupt quietus, what sardonic fun their aged ardors and animosities provide! For these characters are all as interdependent as stitches in a crocheted shawl. Alec Warner, seventy-nine, is an amateur geriatrician, and his carefully card-indexed notes on himself and his contemporaries are an admirable device, providing a most literate and agreeable variant to the flashback. Alec once had a love affair with Jean Taylor, Charmian Colston's mother's parlormaid. However, instead of marrying Jean—whom he still cares for, though she is now hospitalized in the Maud Long Medical Ward (aged people, female)—Alec got engaged to Dame Lettie, but escaped her in time. Lisa Brooke's lover was Dame Lettie's brother, Godfrey Colston, Charmian Piper's husband (she was the successful novelist; he, of the beer family, was driven to carnality by his feeling of inferiority). But at eighty-seven Godfrey's sex life is reduced to a garter fetish, pandered to by Olive Mannering, granddaughter of a phony poet, one of Lisa's many pseudo hangers-on. There are a series of perfect scenes: the hospital ward with the twelve Grannies; the clucking terror in the presence of the odious matron; the senile cases; the time when Charmian escapes her husband and bores her lover, aged eighty-five.

The author spares us no shocking detail; but she sees the glory too. Mrs. Spark shows, like some economical Chinese calligrapher, the truth of the Buddha's words, that "it is even in this fathom-long carcase, percipient, intelligent, that I declare to be the genesis of the world, the ceasing of the world, and the way going to the cessation of the world."

Like "Memento Mori," John Wain's "A Travelling Woman" is both gloriously funny and wonderfully serious. The septet weaves in and out in a complicated dance. George and Janet Links, George's friend Captax, Captax's friends Evan and Barnara Bone, and Edward and Ruth Cowley are

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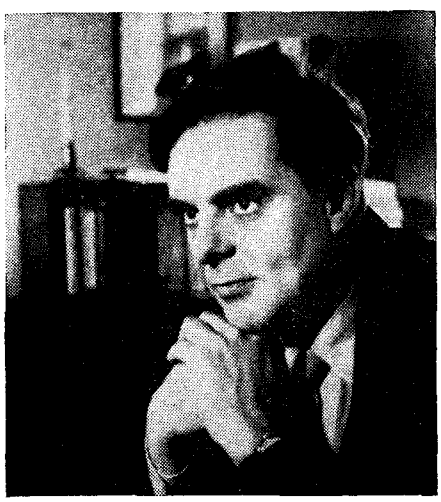
all in a state of suspended animation. George has just finished a brief affair with his senior partner's wife, but it has not been a success, and Janet's firmness has ended it satisfactorily for all concerned. Captax has been having an affair with Barbara, but is bored; Edward, the best-selling pseudo-philosopher author of "The Discovery of Faith" has lost his belief, and has withdrawn from Ruth and their son. George, drinking with Captax in a very cosy pub, confides in him that Janet wants him to consult an analyst. Why has he refused, asks Captax. Why, indeed, ask Evan and Barbara, when such an opportunity for unchallenged late nights in town, even for overnight stays, is so miraculously offered. Of course, he must accept. Where shall George stay? Why, at Ruth's, of course, say the three counselors, bursting into laughter at Ruth's name. Ruth is telephoned, and George trots obediently into the trap, for one glimpse of Ruth, and he is randy as a goat.

Mr. Wain has a consummate gift for conveying both the momentariness of love's pleasure, and the ridicule of love's positions, as well as a great capacity for showing how expensive love is. He does all this without making any "value judgments." Never, for a single instant, does the moralizing slip show from under the splendidly imaginative, creative dress of his fiction.

In spite of his Swift-Shavian humor Mr. Wain shows the ethical laws operating in the universe as competently, as inevitably, as the physical or biological. Why a man or woman commits fornication or adultery is immaterial, what he or she felt couldn't matter less. Whether your adultery is to assert your ego or to alleviate the boredom of stale sheets, at some point the heartache and the thousand ills the flesh is heir to will catch up with you: that is the nature of reality.



John Wain—Momentariness of love's pleasure.

On the Ridges Stood Their Ruin

***"Taos," by Irwin Blacker** (World. 478 pp. $5.95), recreates the last harrowing days of the Spaniards in the New World. Mari Sandoz, whose many books include "Old Jules," "The Cattlemen," and most recently "Hostiles and Friendlies," is an authority on the American Southwest.*

By Mari Sandoz

THIS novel starts eight days before that most melodramatic incident in American history, the 1680 revolt of the Pueblo Indians against their Spanish oppressors and enslavers, and against the religion of the Whitefaces, which they believed brought famine and degradation upon them. The book ends less than two months later. Within this space of time and roughly within the bounds of actuality, Irwin Blacker has built a story that offers very nearly everything the general reader could desire, all presented specifically, with gusto and with a realism to fit the melodramatic material.

During those first eight days after the Indian runners started around the pueblos with ropes carrying a knot for each day to the uprising, he takes the reader through the Spanish settlements of Nueva Mexico province, offering bits of colonial slaveholding life, some fallen grandeur and about every corruption possible to man: thievery, betrayal, adultery, incest, rape, arson, torture, murder, and war.

The characterizations of the various Spaniards who, through ambition, maladjustment, or flight from punishment, ended in the wilderness are sharp, often amusing. Spared the hard labor of the usual frontier by their Indian slaves, they were free to indulge in unbridled ambition and passion. Yet there is honor and sacrifice, too, and piety, compassion, and tenderness; tenderness for a loyal mistress, for the memory of a wife, and in the love between the young war chief and the grandee's daughter, whose father rejected her long before she was orphaned by the Indians in the uprising. Although the conflict is wide as the whole region, the two central characters are the aged Spanish governor and the Indian medicine man determined to bring back the old times and ways.

Swiftly the shadow over the Whitefaces darkens; the slaughter begins and spreads, followed by the slow gathering of the survivors and the long and appalling retreat down the Rio del Norte, the Rio Grande, with threatening Indians along the ridges and mesas and at the passes. In this heroic march by essentially unheroic people, the old governor must choose even now between a comforting widow and the respect of the refugees, the respect essential to their survival.

There are some stock generalizations: the copper-skinned Indian with upraised arm; the Spaniard never with any horse but a stallion; the fictioneer's powerful, unconfined gunpowder. One box blows up an hacienda and kills a whole courtyard full of Indians.

But these are incidental. Irwin Blacker not only can handle the melodramatic material but he manages real emotional impact by quieter scenes, as when the young Indians strip the branches from an apple orchard that they painfully nurtured with water carried in great ollas from the river. They leave the ground behind them an angry mash of crushed apples, against the backdrop of a gaunt and hungry land.

Nature's Child

***"The Lion," by Joseph Kessel;** translated by Peter Green (Knopf. 244 pp. $3.75), is a French novel about the strange relationship between a young girl and a jungle beast. The English novelist and critic Marghanita Laski writes often for the* London Observer.

By Marghanita Laski

IN SO FAR as Joseph Kessel's novel is about a little girl and a lion, it is a good story and a very well-constructed one. In so far as it describes an African game reserve, the lives of the animals who shelter on it, and the strange, proud Masai warriors who live on blood and milk, it is often startlingly informative about simple lives which arouse our curiosity and sympathy. But where "The Lion" is a novel about deep spiritual feelings it will, in some readers at least, arouse feelings of embarrassment and unease.

For the narrator, the intelligent Parisian, has gone to the game reserve in Kenya in order to escape from his

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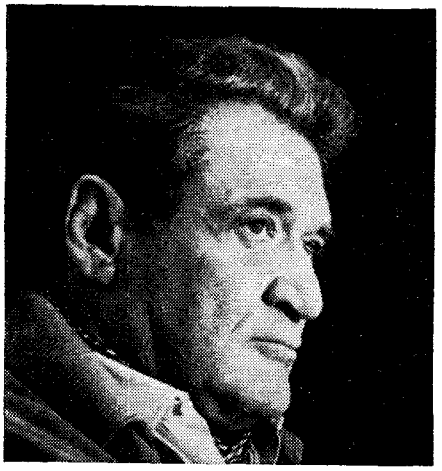
civilized self, to get into tune with the primitive and feel that true *participation mystique*. At the waterhole, where he first meets the twelve-year-old Patricia, he feels her to be "outside, indeed *beyond* the normal human pattern." And when, at last, Patricia introduces him to her lion, now wild but still amenable to his former owners, "everything appeared in a new light, a profoundly modified perspective." He can understand and sympathize with Patricia's neurotic, terrified mother, her great bull of a father. But the child, with her "raw primitive need" for her lion, her jealousy of the lionesses and cubs, her knowledge of the animals' "Master Words," satisfies in him a need beyond human understanding.

Well, the search for an old Adam is a common one and today our mystics *manqués* very frequently find their Noble Savages in these terms: "these wild creatures drawing me to a primal happiness older than mankind itself." But I do not myself believe there was once a Golden Age when the lion lay down with the little child, and I am not sympathetic to creative energy that expends itself in these particular dreams.

It is interesting to compare "The Lion" with Kipling's "Jungle Books," to wonder why the latter succeeds at all levels and the former only on the levels of story-construction and information. I think it has to do with self-consciousness. Mowgli never verbalized his emotions and never saw himself in the eyes of the beholders. Mr. Kessel's narrator examines and theorizes over his every feeling, while Patricia, the child of nature, knows perfectly well what an extraordinary little girl she is to love and be loved by a lion. In less exalted language than Mr. Kessel would use, she is a little show-off, and I at least am not dissatisfied when her desire to display her ability to tame the untameable ends in tragedy.



—*Mark Foucault.*

Joseph Kessel—Search for an old Adam.

And One Who Lived Too Long

"Love and Money," by Noel Clad *(Random House. 525 pp. $4.95), is a first novel which presents a broad-scale view of American life during this century. Hallie Burnett, a short-story writer and novelist, is the author of "The Brainpickers."*

By Hallie Burnett

IN A year of exaggerated attention to love and Zen among the Beatniks, it is refreshing to read a novel exploring old-fashioned virtues and integrity in affairs both monetary and affectional. In his first novel Noel Clad has as much respect for the tradition of family property as a Galsworthy, as much care for significant and solid aspects of character as a Thomas Mann, and possesses, at the same time, as retentive an ear for war-inspired iconoclasm as a James Jones. It all adds up to a skilfully developed, well-paced, readable novel of three generations (five, including a Brooklyn grandmother and a new baby), a sort of cavalcade of life stretching from the beginning of World War I to the present.

The story and events of these years are related to Max Armand, who chose the wrong time to arrive from Alsace-Lorraine to study American banking methods. Scarcely has he met Victoria Haines at Mansion House, a resort hotel "within hand-span of Mt. Washington," than he is restricted as an enemy alien. He still marries Vicky and becomes an American citizen, but the pressure and ambivalence of his nationality hover over his entire life, which ends, as does the book, at the summer resort.

Back in Alsace the family of Armand has been enormously rich, but after World War I, on a much anticipated visit home with Vicky and the baby, Max arrives (after his father has died) to find his total inheritance is just enough to send him and his two brothers on a prodigious drunk. Since Max cannot imagine himself of real value in the world without wealth, he contemplates suicide, but is saved by Vicky's understanding. They return to the United States, where he tries to make a great deal of money, but fails because of an unwillingness to capitalize on the trust of others or to compromise on his own standard of ethics.

—*Phyllis Cerf.*

Noel Clad—A cavalcade of life.

More than once he is given the chance to take advantage of legal loopholes, as witnessed by Judge Orbauer (a dedicated, but cynical jurist), but does not. Max remains a new American who is appalled at the immoralities of his wife's family and friends, particularly as manifested during Prohibition and the Wall Street crash of 1929. That, at the end, he receives a summons to testify on the questionable building practices of friends, and dies before he can appear, may be meant as symbolic of his final judgment on all of them.

There is particular focus on the Twenties as a way of life, with the changes of business and social life due to Prohibition, sex freedom, and the influence of Hollywood. There are many stories within stories, an enormous cast of characters, nearly all carried to some point of no return.

Unfortunately, at one point we are told that Max Armand thinks "he had lived too long." This, to some extent, may be true of the book: it "lives" too long; but the over-all result is impressive indeed for a first novelist, or even a seasoned one.

Iron Mirror

By Alexander Laing

WE MAKE our enemy in the image
of our fear.
What courage might have made us,
who can guess?
Beyond this blinding metal, see how
clear
The devil stands, shaped to our inwardness.

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The Whole Dignity of Man

***"Blaise Pascal: The Life and Work of a Realist," by Ernest Mortimer** (Harper. 243 pp. $4), clarifies the reasoning of the seventeenth-century French geometrician, philosopher, and mystic. From his first book, "French Prophets of Yesterday," to his "testament," "Bottle in the Sea," and its "codicil," "Fossils and Presences," Albert Guérard has been continually concerned with the problem of religion.*

By Albert Guérard

PASCAL is the lonely tragic summit of French thought: a scientist, a philosopher, a wit, a mystic, and in every field second to none. Yet he left two books only, neither perfect. His "Provincial Letters" are a loose and unfinished series of pamphlets. His "Thoughts" are a bewildering array of paradoxes and mysteries: jottings, epigrams, chance remarks pointing to paths not fully explored after 300 years. Above all, the words, greatest of all, which lead beyond words, to the shuddering, silent brink of awe.

Oddly, this mathematician and physicist, this explorer of spiritual depths, had a curious knack for the practical. He patented a computing machine; he created the first omnibus and cab service in Paris. He had his share in the invention of the barometer. He wore the first wristwatch on record. He is even credited with the lowly wheelbarrow. His short, uneventful, bourgeois life has a fringe of legends. It is said that as a boy he rediscovered unaided the first thirty-two propositions of Euclid. The famous "chasm" that constantly yawned by his side may have been a metaphor. Miraculous cures occurred in his intimate circle.

Pascal's one great aim was to write an Apology of the Christian Religion. He left only fragments, which were not properly edited for nearly two centuries, and which to this day remain a teeming chaos. It may be contended that he could not have turned his "Thoughts" into a formal treatise without destroying their supreme value. Forced into a system, their quivering immediacy would have been destroyed.

Although very critical of Descartes, was a thoroughgoing intellectual. His starting point is the supremacy of thought: *the whole dignity of man.* His "thinking reed" passage is a nobler restatement of Descartes's "I think, therefore I am." His definition of evidence concurs with the first and essential rule of the Cartesian method. But he knew that reason is valid only "within reason." To him, there are three orders: matter, thought, and what he calls *charity;* they are explored respectively by science, philosophy, religion. Athirst for the divine, he spurned the gods of scientists and philosophers. It is possible for scientists, like Newton and Pasteur, not to be atheists: but science is atheistic. In their own field all scientists could say with Laplace: "God? I had no need for such a hypothesis." The god of philosophers is the merest abstraction. *It* is "defined" by accumulating negations: absolute, infinite, eternal. Pascal craves for the living God. And he finds Him, through "those reasons that Reason cannot fathom," in charity, in ecstasy.

PASCAL'S tragedy is that he could stifle neither his rigorous intellect nor his mystic vision. He attempted to break the Silence which is the sole language of the mystic: for articulate speech is rational. He materialized and rationalized that which is beyond matter and intellect. He tried to force the innermost into the framework of concrete facts: for the Creation, the Fall, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, all integral parts of his faith, are not inner experiences, revelations of the Alone to the alone, but material historical happenings. He sought to compress the ineffable mystery, "dark with excess of light," into the narrow, straightened confines of a particular tradition.

He failed. In despair, he had recourse either to a wild gamble (his "wager"), immoral as all gambles are; or to the determined drugging of thought: "Tell your beads, practise, it will stupefy you." His attempt is one of the noblest tragedies in human thought; his glorious failure is a lesson which no honest thinker can ignore.

It seems the height of incongruity that this martyr of thought and faith, this Proteus and Prometheus, should be examined from an English vicarage: an Angela Thirkell garden with herbaceous borders, the very shrine of comfortable, tepid conformity. Yet the Reverend Ernest Mortimer has achieved the incredible. His brief, lucid, unpretentious, appealing book leads us gently and surely to the threshold of the Pascalian temple. It is for the reader, alone, to enter and grope his way through the formidable ruin.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CONCERT TOUR

Composers have tried, as long as there has been music, to evoke the sights and sounds of our varied world. Here are fifteen such compositions to carry us to far-off places, together with their creators. Robb McKenzie of Worcester, Massachusetts, asks you to assign the correct composition to the correct composer. Answers on page 29.

1. Balakirev	( ) "An American in Paris"
2. Barber	( ) "Cornish Rhapsody"
3. Bath	( ) "Dover Beach"
4. Berlioz	( ) "Harold in Italy"
5. Bizet	( ) "Iberia"
6. Bloch	( ) "Israel Symphony"
7. Copland	( ) "Nights in the Gardens of Spain"
8. Debussy	( ) "Paris"
9. Delius	( ) "Ports of Call"
10. de Falla	( ) "Roma"
11. Gershwin	( ) "Roman Sketches"
12. Glanville-Hicks	( ) "Russia"
13. Griffes	( ) "El Salon Mexico"
14. Ibert	( ) "Saudades do Brasil"
15. Milhaud	( ) "Sinfonia Pacifica"

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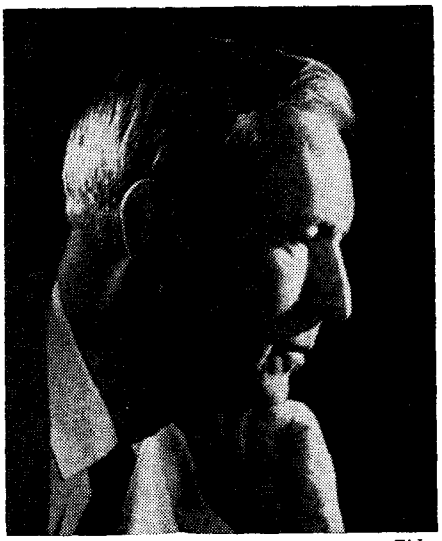
The Battle of the Brains



—*Eida.*

Jacques Barzun—savant of the book clubs.

"The House of Intellect," by Jacques Barzun *(Harper. 276 pp. $4.50), attacks the absurdities practised in the name of art, science, and philanthropy. Harold Rosenberg, our critic, wrote "The Tradition of the New," a volume of essays.*

By Harold Rosenberg

"THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT" is an attack on our official intellectuals by one of our leading official intellectuals. It is another in the series of outbreaks (the more the merrier!) among our institutional thinkers inaugurated by such works as David Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd" and William H. Whyte's "The Organization Man." Professor Barzun's barrage should be the most effective, not because its target is more important but because it aims at one more accessible to criticism, that is, the activities of the mind itself.

The United States, Barzun declares, is ridden by anti-intellectualism. This is nothing new. But the present-day anti-intellectualism is the product of the intellectuals themselves, who play a greater part in our public life than ever before. Through them "the three enemies of intellect" have become art, science, and philanthrophy. Efforts of the mind to establish clear principles comprehensible to all are everywhere countered by appeals to the inexpressible depths of "the creative" as manifested in art, by the pedantry of "method" borrowed from the physical sciences, by the sentimentalisms of "Everything for All." Into every contemporary American institution the "expert" has insinuated his jargon; schools, corporations, government, foundations, "the communications" are beset by theories and techniques of learning without effort, of solving problems through misapplied research, of seducing the public mind into reacting without thinking—all these contributing to debase Intellect and corrupt its indispensable tool, the language in which we reflect and convey our thoughts to one another. America's House of Intellect is falling through treachery from within.

As Dean of Faculties at Columbia University and savant of the book clubs, Barzun's first resource in this mental infighting is intimate, everyday knowledge of what goes on in the lecture halls, publishing houses, TV round tables, committee rooms. His second resource is wit and a style without lumps. Barzun's description of a luncheon conference in which the editors of a slick magazine "going intellectual" invite a hard-shell contributor to literary quarterlies to try the light touch is worth its weight in *crabs amandine*. "The editors are as honest in their proffer of freedom as in that of abundant cash, but they are noticeably nervous about the freedom."

Barzun's analysis of the specific forms of the anti-intellectualism of our intellectuals could not be more timely. Largely as a by-product of the cold war, but also out of urgent need to come up to date in education, government, and social life, America is in the process of translating "the pursuit of excellence" from a concept in philosophy into a program of action. The danger is that the energy generated and the money spent to encourage intellectual achievement will go to enlarge and solidify the very habits of thought that work against such achievement. Barzun has put his finger on some of the ideas, and even on some specific agencies, about which America needs to be sleeplessly wary.

Of course, "The House of Intellect" does not intend to attack art, science, and philanthrophy but only the abuse of their vocabularies and characteristic modes of thought. Barzun makes his case by citing the absurdities practised in the name of these great enterprises rather than through criticism of art, science, or the philosophy of generosity. Yet his book creates the danger of confusion, owing, at least in part, to a mixture of motives in the author. Barzun is not content to display the nonsense of artists, scientists, and liberal simperers, from which art suffers as much as does common sense; he wants to set up Intellect in a "house" of its own, beyond clear thinking *in practice,* to legislate over the other mental and psychic undertakings of man. Everywhere one meets in his pages Intellect with a capital "I" like an icon in the middle of the road.

But if Intellect is to become an independent thing possessed of power over art, science, and good works, we ought to be told who shall represent Intellect; the question becomes a social and political one. Barzun lays the anguish of Intellect at the door of democracy, but he does not, like Matthew Arnold or Cardinal Newman, discuss the larger implications of staking out a site for Intellect as an arbiter of values in a free society. Does he expect the House of Intellect to be built and inhabited by "people who love books more than automobiles"? "The House of Intellect" limits itself to polemic, which we hope will prove effective in deepening the present national discussion.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 836

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 836 will be found in the next issue.

FMOL MGMC FDL

BLPK-RTHRLWFLQ, MHQ

FDLXL GWPP SL

LPSTG-XTTN WH FDL

GTXPQ.

—GDWRDRTFL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 835

Ennui has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair.

—C. C. Colton.

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On These Beaches a Mighty Drama

"D Day: The Sixth of June, 1944," by David Howarth *(McGraw-Hill. 251 pp. $4.95),* ***"The Secret Invaders," by Bill Strutton and Michael Pearson*** *(British Book Centre. 286 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Invasion: '44," by John Frayn Turner*** *(Putnam. 248 pp. $3.95), recreate through British eyes the beginning of the end for the Axis. The author of "The Supreme Command," our reviewer Forrest C. Pogue was combat historian with units which landed on Omaha Beach.*

By Forrest C. Pogue

FIFTEEN years ago on June 6, 1944, more than 100,000 British and American troops, supported by some 5,000 ships and more than 11,000 air sorties, established a foothold in Normandy, from which they launched the attacks which destroyed Hitler. The anniversary of this event has been marked by the appearance of two volumes describing the landings and a third book that discusses a small group which helped to make this and other invasions possible. A fourth title now being serialized, will be published next fall.

The three books differ widely in their approach. Strutton and Pearson in their story of COPP, the beach reconnaissance group that prepared the way for invasions in various parts of the world, have stressed its contributions to the D Day victory. Howarth has attempted to sum up the tremendous odds, and the acts of courage which characterized the landings, by the device of a few personalized accounts drawn from hundreds of interviews collected in recent years. Turner has given a detailed picture of the operation, illustrating some phases with individual stories.

The authors are all British. And, despite their efforts to be fair, they suggest that the great problems on American beaches stemmed from American unwillingness to accept British special weapons and advice—and from what Mr. Howarth ungraciously refers to as a tendency of American planning "to be more spendthrift with the lives of their soldiers than the British."

While the writers are careful to list heavier enemy resistance and lack of air preparation on Omaha Beach as factors contributing to the numerous casualties in that sector, they assign as the chief reasons the failure of American commanders to make full use of the beach reconnaissance groups as guides, the launching of small craft too far from the beaches, in disregard of British practice, and the decision to accept only the DD tanks from among several special devices developed by the British to support the landings. They do not account fully for the great difference between Omaha Beach's 2,000 casualties and Utah Beach's 200, although the two American corps used similar tactics and weapons.

In these and other arguments and in their treatment of much of the high-level discussions and decisions, Howarth and Turner have been content to accept as final the conclusions of the late Chester Wilmot's "The Struggle for Europe." This excellent, although often one-sided book, written by the BBC correspondent who accompanied Montgomery's forces during much of the European campaign, has succeeded in imposing twenty-one Army Group interpretations on much of the British history of the war. Indeed, Mr. Turner's bibliography lists no British or American volume of authority on the war which has appeared since Wilmot's book, published in 1952. One would never know, for example, that Wilmot's indictment of the U.S. Navy for holding in the Pacific landing craft needed for the OVERLORD operation—a charge repeated by Turner and emphasized on the dust jacket of his book—has been strongly challenged by Admiral Morison in his "Invasion of France and Germany, 1944-45," which was published in 1957.

"THE Secret Invaders" adds some new information to our knowledge of the development, training, and operations of the beach reconnaissance units. But neither Turner's nor Howarth's book has as much high-level material on the Allied or enemy side as Wilmot's book or Gordon Harrison's "Cross-Channel Attack," and neither can approach the Department of the Army's "Omaha Beachhead" and "Utah Beach to Cherbourg" for detailed information on U.S. operations.

Strutton and Pearson draw heavily on the personal recollections of the key figures in COPP for their account of activities in the Mediterranean, the Channel, and in the Far East. Unfortunately, as the authors admit, they "have used licence, though rarely, in recreating imaginatively some happenings from the detailed operational reports." The result is a "Rover Boy" approach to part of the narrative, which detracts from its value.

Howarth mars the historical value of his book in his selection of some thirty individual stories to create his picture of D Day. A slow-spoken farm boy from the South, a Jewish soldier from the Bronx ("small, cheerful, and efficient"), two British members of a tank crew, dissimilar in background (who are killed as one sings plaintively of his love "so

—U.S. Army.

American landing party on Utah beach—200 casualties compared to 2,000 on Omaha Beach.

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far away"), the British apprentice to a chartered accountant in Coventry (who enlisted because he was afraid he would fail his examinations and found war a grim business), the frightened nineteen-year-old lieutenant of Royal Marine Commandos, of good family and public school background (whose breeding and upbringing make him accept his responsibility at the crucial moment)—all these fit too patly the requirements of Hollywood type-casting to be convincing representatives of the D Day fighters. Dramatically, the stories have the color and vividness that made Howarth's "They Die Alone" a best-seller.

Turner comes closest of the three to writing a balanced account of D Day. He has described the early debates over strategy, COSSAC's initial planning, changes in the plan made by Montgomery and Eisenhower, the detailed arrangements for the landings, the development of the battle on the beaches. His dramatic effect, which builds toward a climax as the beaches are secured, is weakened by his decision to tack on at the end accounts of oyster mines, PLUTO (pipeline under the ocean), and the famous Mulberries. As a result the book limps towards its close.

But none of these weaknesses lessen the impact of the story they all have to tell. They have chronicled the individual exploits, such as those of the beach parties which landed under the noses of German sentries to get samples of sand over which the tanks had to advance, the great air effort which for months paved the way for the landings, the loneliness of Eisenhower as he decided to take a chance on the weather and "go," the movements of the great air and sea armadas, and the grim battles for the beaches. The 6th of June story still deserves a better telling, but these volumes serve effectively to remind us of the magnitude and the wonder of the D Day assault.

The Headquarters War Remembered

"The Clock with Four Hands," by James Leasor *(Reynal. 314 pp. $5), takes the reader below-stairs to view the British High Command during the Second World War. Labour M. P. Maurice Edelman was a combat correspondent during that period.*

By Maurice Edelman

SINCE Julius Caesar wrote *de bello Gallico,* few generals have campaigned without their pen. Dictating their memoirs from bed in serene old age, they have corrected history, redressed their defeats, pinned responsibility where it belongs—that is to say, on others—and presented a bust of themselves to posterity complete with marble laurels. The most successful have been those like Lord Montgomery or General Mark Clark, who, brash and demotic, have expressed in their own language their somewhat romantic egocentricity. Modesty in generals is a rare handicap, and it is a pity that Sir Leslie Hollis, assistant secretary to the War Cabinet and Chiefs of Staff Committee, should have decided to tell his story at second hand through a journalist.

Mr. Leasor, amanuensis, as it were, to Caesar's secretary, writes with the vigor, the clarity, and the neatness of an experienced newspaperman. But "The Clock with Four Hands" would have come more alive if Sir Leslie Hollis himself had narrated directly what he saw and felt in the "Hole in the Ground" (the London H.Q.) without padding the book out with political sermonizing and references to a dozen other books.

The twin authors have twin heroes —Churchill and Beaverbrook. What emerges with considerable force is how in the early years of the war Churchill's single-minded devotion, first to the defense of Britain and then to the defeat of Hitler, impressed itself on an apathetic nation and on its doubting friends. In 1942 Britain was calm partly because it couldn't imagine its deadly peril, and partly because the firm voice of Churchill broke the spell of the terrorizing abuse by which Hitler paralyzed his Continental victims before murdering them. It was fortunate that no one knew when Churchill flew back with Beaverbrook from Bermuda, after seeking much-needed American help, that their aircraft was an old flying-boat which had never before done the journey in midwinter. Sir Leslie Hollis vividly describes how the plane took off with Beaverbrook reciting "The Lord is my Shepherd . . ." and Churchill composing himself for sleep. If that flying-boat had crashed, the outcome of "War at the Top" might well have been different.

Bermuda, Cairo, Teheran, and Yalta, with devoted secretariats working in the foul air of underground headquarters, rats running through the mess, and departmental chiefs struggling for a larger share of the available supplies—that is, in the main, the Hollis-Leasor story. They repeat the familiar account of how Lord Beaverbrook when Minister for Aircraft Production bullied and browbeat both friends and enemies in order to get the aircraft for Britain. It isn't so well known that the only man he couldn't subdue was Ernest Bevin, trade-union leader and Minister of Labour, who was determined to make sure that in the postwar world labor would have a code of welfare that could not be disturbed by the precedent of lowered wartime standards.

Churchill remained the arbiter, intolerant of halfheartedness, undeterred by his attacks of pneumonia, a cheerful and selfless Olympian whose courage was an example to the nation. The authors record how in Malta the Prime Minister, having fallen ill, meekly asked a naval officer if he could do him a favor. He wondered if he could get him a little butter.

"The Clock with Four Hands" describes extensively the British Prime Minister's dealings with the American President, and pays suitable tribute to the USA's part in final victory. But General Hollis echoes through Mr. Leasor the ugly charge that Roosevelt had "a passion for flirtation with the Kremlin." He speaks of General Marshall, Joseph Davies, Harry Hopkins, and FDR's own son Elliott as Roosevelt's "clique of faithful supporters who missed no opportunity to praise the Soviet Union, in and out of season."

This is in many ways an interesting, anecdotal, below-stairs view of the directors of the war. Unfortunately, lopsided hero-worship combined with ungenerous bias prevent the book from rising to the level of the events it describes. But since, according to General Hollis, others in addition to the Commander-in-Chief General Staff and the Director of Military Operations were keeping voluminous diaries, it may well be that we won't have to wait long before some other staff officer—perhaps this time a colonel, or would he be court-martialed?—weighs in with his own corrective to this partial view of the Headquarters War.

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The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen

THE *Chicago Review* is a literary quarterly published by the University of Chicago. Last fall, as the editors were preparing their winter issue, a columnist on one of the Chicago newspapers attacked the fall issue as "filthy." The charge called forth a prompt reaction from Chancellor Lawrence A. Kimpton. In a memorable blow for academic freedom, Chancellor Kimpton summoned then Editor-in-Chief Rosenthal and announced that the material submitted for the winter issue was definitely not to be published. The issue, as Rosenthal reports the Chancellor's instructions, was to be completely "innocuous and noncontroversial" and it must contain "nothing which [sic] would offend a sixteen-year-old girl."

When has the true role of the American university been more profoundly enunciated? Its intellectual content is to be harmless and innocuous; its final test of moral values is to reside in the sensibilities of a sixteen-year-old girl. The petty-minded may insist that there is still some question as to exactly which sixteen-year-old girl Chancellor Kimpton may have had in mind, but in general, all men of learning and good will must certainly be grateful to Chancellor Kimpton for the depth and courage of his intellectual leadership.

The student editors of the *Review*, however, showed no sign of gratitude, and six out of seven of them promptly resigned over so trivial a matter as intellectual freedom. Some of the six thereupon managed to raise private funds, and founded a new magazine called *Big Table*, the first issue of which published intact the material suppressed by Chancellor Kimpton.

Now, as if to confirm Chancellor Kimpton's standing in the company of men of taste and learning, the scholar-inspectors of the Post Office Department have entered the picture by seizing 400 copies of *Big Table #1*. A hearing scheduled for early June will already have been held by the time this issue reaches the newsstands, and the charge will in all probability have been that there exists obscenity in two of the works featured in *Big Table #1*, specifically, in "Old Angel Midnight," by Jack Kerouac, and in "Ten Episodes from Naked Lunch," by William S. Burroughs. The third featured author, Edward Dahlberg, will probably not have been charged.

The immediate issue, therefore, is the charge of obscenity brought against two specified works.

There have been many court rulings on obscenity in the last two decades, and the tests are by now clearly established. Obscenity cannot be determined by any isolated word or passage but only by the total intent of a particular work. That total intent cannot be found to be obscene unless there is reasonable likelihood that it will stimulate to lewd and lustful excitement a man of average sexual instincts—*l'homme moyen sensuel*, as Judge Woolsey labeled him in the 1933 decision that cleared Joyce's "Ulysses" of the charge of obscenity.

A further test of obscenity is in the social importance of the work. As Judge Horn ruled in 1957 in clearing Allen Ginsberg's "Howl": "If the material has the slightest redeeming social importance it is not obscene because it is protected by the First and Fourteenth Amendments of the United States Constitution." Various other tests have been applied by the courts, but the legal ground is substantially covered by these three principles: total intent, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, and "the slightest redeeming social importance."

I am no admirer of Kerouac's assaults on near-prose. But the issue here is legal and not esthetic, and to argue an esthetic disagreement cannot imply in any remotest legal sense that Kerouac's writing is not immensely serious in its conceived intent, and that it is in fact a life-consuming attempt to describe what the writer sees as the place of value in a world fractured by disorder. Nor, in either a legal or an esthetic sense, could one argue that Kerouac is not a writer of substantial gift, however much the gift may be smothered by indiscipline.

The impulse toward censorship can only arise from failure to understand the intent. True, an excessively literal-minded man may easily become suspicious of the surfaces of Kerouac's writing. Nor is it hard to imagine that excessive literal-mindedness is a survival characteristic in Post Office bureaucracy. But the test of literature cannot reside in men of such mind, neither in the esthetic nor legal sense.

What Kerouac has written is a series of Joycean improvisations (no less!) on the nature of irreality as created by a slangy and polyglot god once named Old Angel Midnight. What the reader ends up with is thirty-five pages of free association in several languages (of which Kerouac is no certain master) and in gibberish (of which he recognizably is). Add a random of bilingual puns. Add four letter words at will. Add even—here and there—a glimpse of orderly perception in the whirling chaos. What one comes out with (minus the four-letter words) runs:

> God's asleep dreaming, we've got to wake him up! Then all of a sudden when we're asleep dreaming, he comes and wakes us up—how gentle! How are you Mrs. Jones? Fine Mrs. Smith! Tit within Tat—Eye within Tooth—Bone within Light, like—Drop some little beads of sweetness into the stew (O Phoney Poetry!)—the heart of the onion—That stew's too good for me to eat, you!—

Or:

> Sor god denoder pie your pinging lief bring Ida Graymeadow Wolf babe oo brooding in the is-ness seastand graygog magog bedonigle bedart ooo

In fairness one must add, against

(*Continued on page* 30)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FAULKNER PUBLICATION

ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE of the May 30 issue of your magazine appears a letter from a Mr. Gerald H. Strauss of Columbia, Missouri, stating that that first publication of anything written by William Faulkner was the little poem ("L'Apres Midi d'un Faune") which appeared in *The New Republic* in 1919. Mr. Strauss is correct about this and is also correct in what he says about *The Double Dealer* in New Orleans.

But the reason I am writing this letter is because I think that the entire incident may amuse you.

Mr. Faulkner had been writing and writing for several years at this time (1919) and I had been having the things typed and had been mailing them off. They all came back post-haste. So when *The New Republic* accepted this little poem and paid fifteen whole dollars for it, we felt like the lucky country boy at his first crap game: How long has this been going on?

So we sent off some more poems, and more poems to *The New Republic*. When none of them was accepted we decided that no more would be accepted and that we at least might have some fun.

So, without title and without Mr. Faulkner signing the poem, we copied John Clare's poem about the asylum in which he was then confined, Northampton as I remember now. It is in the Oxford Book of English Verse but very few people seem to know it. Our plan was to have *The New Republic* accept it and publish it and then secretly notify *The New York Times* of the fact and let the dull *Times* rib the smarty *New Republic*. I always wonder whether or not anybody placed it or whether it was sent back simply because they didn't think Bill could write that good a poem. Anyway, it came back with no reply by letter.

Then we copied off Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." It was returned to us with the very accurate criticism: "We like your poem, Mr. Coleridge, but we don't think it gets anywhere much."

PHIL STONE.

Oxford, Miss.

WRONG LADY

IN "LADIES WITH THE LAST WORD," (*SR* May 30) an error occurs in the paragraph about Napoleon on page 9. The illustration said to represent Madame de Chevreuse is actually Marie de Rohan-Montbazon, Duchesse de Chevreuse, who died almost a century before the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte (ninety years before, to be exact), and it has always been my understanding that it was this lady (and not some Madame de Chevreuse) who made the remark about diamonds and that she made it to one of the Louis kings (probably Louis XIII). With regard to the other "woman who had met Napoleon when he was in exile in England," I am sure you will agree that it is nonsense as written inasmuch as Napoleon Bonaparte was never in exile in England. Surely this must refer to Napoleon III, who endured a lengthy exile in England before he seized power and another exile in England after the fiasco of the Franco-Prussian War.

JASON LINDSEY.

Hollywood, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the article and* SR *got their de Chevreuses crossed.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And while I'm not actively seeking leadership of the tribe, I would take it if offered."

GALBRAITH'S THESIS

NOT ENOUGH PEOPLE recognize even dimly the appalling gap between America's wealth in privately produced goods—such as automobiles, cosmetics, appliances, glamorous clothes—and America's wretched poverty in public production—such as public libraries, hospitals, schools, police protection, traffic control.

The article by Elmo Roper on John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Affluent Society" (*SR* June 6) should serve to re-emphasize the importance of Galbraith's thesis that we are today overdoing the production of private goods and under-doing the production of public services.

With an unprecedently high Gross National Product, we are supporting at a bare subsistence level, or below, local public services that promote the health, safety, intelligence, the creative and spiritual capacity of the individual man.

Our publicly supported institutions are starving in the midst of plenty.

EMILY SANDERS.

Charleston, S.C.

A LOADED SOCIETY

I FIND ELMO ROPER'S "research" on opinion held by economists and "businessmen-trustees" about Mr. Galbraith's "Affluent Society" more misleading than enlightening.

Both samples are biased to begin with. The original choice of every fiftieth member of the American Economics Association is distorted by the addition of "unusually prominent economists," who would naturally be older and with greater vested interests in traditional concepts. No clue is given as to how the "businessmen-trustees" were chosen except that they also serve as trustees of colleges, universities, and foundations (men whose names give prestige and whose incomes permit large donations). That Mr. Roper considers the judgment of this group more important than that of economists in judging Mr. Galbraith is itself an expression of bias.

Turning to the twelve specific questions, the first five are based on a contrast which hardly appears in and certainly is not important in Mr. Galbraith's book—the contrast between *material* goods and *nonmaterial* services. Mr. Galbraith's contrast is between *public* and *private* sectors of the economy, each of which includes both material and nonmaterial aspects.

It would seem that Mr. Roper should report this startling fact:

A small minority of American economists express a large measure of agreement with what Mr. Roper calls Galbraith's iconoclastic work.

SAMUEL H. LEGER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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In FRED ZINNEMANN'S
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"THE NUN'S STORY"
Co-Starring
PETER FINCH • DAME EDITH EVANS
DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT • DEAN JAGGER
with
MILDRED DUNNOCK
Screenplay by Robert Anderson
From the Book by Kathryn C. Hulme
Music Composed and Conducted by
Franz Waxman
Produced by
Henry Blanke
Directed by
Fred Zinnemann
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
in TECHNICOLOR

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"BONANZA"

exciting Americana extravaganza . . . featuring famed Dartmouth Glee Club . . . Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, specialty acts and Symphony Orchestra . . . climaxing in Alaskan "Gold Rush" scene with thrilling fire effects in "Burning of Nome" spectacle.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The World and the Spirit

I COULDN'T be more respectful toward the accomplishment represented by **"The Nun's Story,"** a motion picture replete with skill, dignity, restraint, and delicacy, and one that reflects enormous credit on Fred Zinneman, who directed it, Robert Anderson, who wrote the screenplay, and Audrey Hepburn, who is the star. The story, as all those who read Kathryn Hulme's book must know, tells of a Belgian girl who became a nun, followed her vocation for seventeen years, and then left the order because she could not accept the ultimate self-abnegation demanded of her. She found that all too human feelings of pride, and even of hate (toward the enemy who killed her father during World War II) could not be denied, and while it is never directly stated in the film, I took it that it was implied that Sister Luke was essentially a Protestant in a Catholic realm of world and spirit.

I am sure that there were great difficulties involved in telling this kind of story for the screen, and I am also sure that Fred Zinneman, whose touch usually manages to assure a film of excellence, was exactly the man to do it. No expert in these nonsecular matters, I am yet certain that the research was meticulous, even if I have had to be told by Warner Brothers that Mr. Zinneman, in his zeal, went so far as to teach his performers how nuns dismount from street cars. Among these performers are gifted actresses like Dame Edith Evans, Mildred Dunnock, and Peggy Ashcroft, to mention merely a few of the long list of excellent ladies who don the sober garments. They make their presences felt, even though Miss Hepburn appears in every scene, a virtual necessity, for she thus gives the episodic story a focus, if not unity. Vivid among all the dedicated womanhood is Peter Finch, who appears in the colorful African sequences as a brilliant, equally dedicated surgeon, who finds it necessary to continually question his nun assistant's faith.

While there are moments of humor, terror, and tragedy in this nun's tale, which keep it alive with interest, it is the more religious aspect that sets the film apart and makes it fascinating. This aspect has to do with the training and ritual that form so telling a part of the nun's special life, and for this the camera takes over and creates scenes of pictorial beauty. Step by step, the religious formation of Sister Luke is recorded. There are the vows, the punishments, the silences, the humbling, the rules, the regimen, and at times the quiet, splendid pageantry in the impressive reconstruction of a Belgian chapel. Motion picture becomes art, if only because one can't conceive of a better instrument for otherwise evoking the impalpable appeal of this negation of worldliness. Franz Planer, one of the finest of Hollywood's craftsmen, was the photographer who, with Zinneman, contributed to these striking, all but hypnotic sequences.

But with the many excellences of the film, there is a problem of involvement and impact that has not been fully solved. What made the lovely young girl choose this path and give seventeen vital years to it? There are suggestions, but the answers provided in Miss Hulme's book were not utilized. Miss Hepburn's face is often a mirror for the unspoken, but it is not quite enough (it can't all be done with acting and expression), nor are the episodes—among them the postulancy, her service in a hospital for the insane, her exhausting period of work in the Belgian Congo—very tightly knitted. Toward the close of the picture, the drama slows down. But at the end, when Sister Luke discards her vows and her habit and goes through that last symbolic door, the film once more gathers strength. Silence surrounds the spiritually tormented girl as she makes her solitary decision. Here all is admirable—Miss Hepburn's playing, and Mr. Zinneman's impeccable taste.

* * *

Much less taste and restraint are shown in **"Say One for Me,"** in which Bing Crosby plays another of his cheerful singing priests, who uses song more than prayer to uplift his parishioners. His parish is near Shubert Alley, and it is show folk he guides. Among them are Debbie Reynolds, Ray Walston, and Robert Wagner, and by the time Bing has straightened out their affairs, one feels him to be a sentimental, meddling cluck, whose ways of doing good seem faintly specious. Frank Tashlin directed the mawkish business, and the songs by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen, as well as the dances by Miss Reynolds, only added to my clammy state of irritation. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

The Portable TV Gospel

THE nonchurchgoer in the United States may soon confront the nation's organized religious faiths a good deal more closely than he has in the past. The spiritually neutral agent in this new confrontment is likely to be the portable television set, entirely battery-operated, shortly to be released for distribution by leading set manufacturers. It is impossible to predict—but intriguing to speculate—what the consequences may be of this encounter between the secular and religious orientations. Modifications may be produced in both corners, if past cultural encounters are accurate guides.

Religion's prime time on the air is Sunday morning. The Sabbath, especially in the more amenable out-of-doors months, is also chief leisure time for modern Americans. Broadcasters, early in their history, recognized this duality. Most of the people, most of the Sundays, with felt religious needs, are usually in church at the times when the faiths are given access to the air. In a mass medium there is little point in ministering spiritually to shut-ins or late-sleepers. Logically, then, the faiths traditionally set about to speak to mixed audiences, believers and nonbelievers. A communications axiom states that listener-viewers tend to select from the media those programs which are most consistent with their particular belief-systems. This has always suggested to religious broadcasters that their audiences were, to varying degree, made up of individuals already "concerned" about ethical-moral-religious values. A deepening of the faith, a reminder of an old truth, the revelation of a new one—these have been the objectives of the major denominations on the air—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant.

The "nonconcerned," who religiously head for worldly sanctuaries on the Sabbath, at camp, beach, lake, etc., will now, presumably, be taking their portable TV receivers with them. The lure of looking just for the sake of looking may be assumed. At this point religious broadcasting may face a dramatic, new opportunity in its history. The faiths on the air, while not overtly competitive, cannot escape being comparative. Reasoning on the basis of their contemporary performance, my guess would give the Protestants an "edge" on their Jewish and Catholic brethren, in their upcoming scrutiny by the allegedly "nonconcerned, portable television viewers."

Of all three faiths, the Catholics continue to rely most importantly on church doctrine in their radio-TV messages. They have utilized the dramatic form; they have involved poets and actresses in their broadcasts, but their call is traditionally "other worldly." Theirs may be a special wisdom, however, if it is true that the weariest, worldly mind is nearest the point of total surrender to God. The Jews probably have a higher secular mind-stopping quotient in their "Eternal Light" broadcasts on NBC. Milton E. Krents has creatively piloted the series on radio-TV for fifteen years, under the auspices of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, representing the combined Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform viewpoints. He has drawn humanistically on the rich store of universal ethical and moral insights of Judaism.

THE universality of the messages and the high performance level make the Seminary's programs a front-runner for the new Sabbath audiences on TV. Modern Protestantism, however, with its accent on "Christ in culture," would seem to be most effectively tuned to the mood of the contemporary secular mind on Sunday. Its programs, "Frontiers of Faith," on NBC, and "Look Up and Live" on CBS, seek dramatically and forcefully to set up a tension in men's minds between all aspects of daily life and the Judeo-Christian conscience. "Frontiers of Faith," produced by John M. Gunn for the National Council of Churches in Christ, is currently dealing, in a summer series, with the "built-in, half-gods we live by," operating, among other areas, in family, politics, international affairs, and race relations. "Look Up and Live" has risen dynamically in artistry and penetration of ideas to become the best youth evangelism show on the air. Themes such as protest, and extremism in conformity and nonconformity are handled with a fresh intellectual and aesthetic verve.

As for the networks, they might open their worldly coffers a little more generously for the coming leisure vs. Christ encounter. They haven't exactly been "tithing" their absurdly low religious production budgets. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Modestly Entertaining

PARIS.

WHILE there is no evening in the theatre as totally successful as last year's "Irma La Douce" or the previous season's "Requiem pur une Nonne," there are still many stimulating and modestly entertaining pieces to be found in the current Paris theatre. The biggest hits are Jean Anouilh's "L'Hurluberlu," reviewed last week, and a revival of Offenbach's **"La Vie Parisienne."** The latter is played with a wink by the Jean-Louis Barrault-Madeleine Renaud Company, and pumps a lot of low fun out of this nineteenth-century musical comedy about an elderly Swedish baron who comes to Paris for a gay time.

Two other successful shows are Felicien Marceau's **"La Bonne Soupe,"** which Ruth Gordon will bring to Broadway this fall, and Albert Camus's adaptation of Dostoevsky's "Les Possédés." Both are really narratives rather than plays. In "La Bonne Soupe," the author has used the narration and flashback device in an unusual way. His narrator, a divorcée, is telling the story of her rise from prostitution to wealthy marriage not to the audience but to a croupier with whom she converses. And she is able to step out of this conversation occasionally to speak to the younger actress playing her in the flashbacks. Near the end of the play the older woman takes over in mid-scene from her former self and creates a lovely moment of old age saying a reluctant but irrevocable farewell to youth. While the play itself runs thin with its variations of the obvious jokes, it is partially saved by the degree to which the narrator keeps the present alive during the performing of the past.

In **"Les Possédés"** the narrator is more of an observer than he is an important participant in the story. While his relative neutrality makes possible a few detached ironic comments, it does not solve the play's real problem of bringing such a complex novel onto the stage. Indeed one feels that this sort of work might come off better in a film where audience attention can be immediately and economically drawn to whatever detail is most essential to the telling of the story. Yet Pierre Vaneck's performance as the possessed young man is extraordinarily compelling. And Dostoevsky's understanding of the vulnerability in the best of human beings and the need for religious experience is potentially great theatre. What M. Camus needs now to do is to dispense with the literal presentation of the novel's dramatic highlights and concentrate more directly on revealing the central character's changing state of mind and soul.

If enthusiasm for the hits must be clouded with reservations, disappointment in the less successful plays is brightened with occasional and new and effective ideas. Eugene Ionesco's **"Tueur Sans Gages"** bears some resemblance to Kafka's "The Trial." Not only does it follow a conscientious citizen through a series of troubles that lead to his being killed like a dog, but it also uses the Kafka technique of allowing the character's anxiety to evoke the action. While M. Ionesco slows proceedings by drawing out each situation *ad absurdum*, he sometimes works up to delightful parodies such as his scene of two policemen complacently going through mechanical gestures to not relieve a traffic jam. But the best scene in "Tueur Sans Gages" is the final one, in which his protagonist, Berenger, suddenly faces the killer. Then, in possibly the longest soliloquy on record, Berenger suggests all the possible motives the killer might have and attempts to reason him out of them. But the killer is completely impervious to argument, and Berenger's arguments just make him laugh. It is the conscienceless laugh of death at one of the living, who is silly enough to assume that death must have the same conscience as he does.

Other Paris attractions include Roger Planchon's Brechtian production of Shakespeare's **"Henry IV,"** which turns it into an antiwar play with two soldiers holding Hotspur down while Prince Hal cold-bloodedly stabs him to death; Josephine Baker's triumphant return to the stage in a musical extravaganza in which she demonstrates that professionalism and style can be more important onstage than mere youth; the Comédie-Française having its last fling at bedroom farces before the Malraux edict forces them back to a solely classical program; and, of course, the nudes who are least expensive and most nude at the Mayol, but lovelier and more suitable for family consumption as they decorate the superbly produced spectacle at the Lido.

—HENRY HEWES.

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THE FINE ARTS

The Dial Collection

ANYONE who was interested in modern literature and art during the Twenties must be someone interested in *The Dial*, and anyone interested in *The Dial* can now recover part of its particular quality at the exhibition of The Dial Collection at the Worcester Art Museum. If he was in his twenties during the Twenties, he may also recover there, for a couple of hours, a gratifying part of his intellectual youth.

"Mon cher *Dial*," wrote Marcel Proust; "an actually unparalleled achievement," wrote E. E. Cummings; and hundreds of less famous others looked forward to opening its caramel-colored cover—every month from January, 1920, to July, 1929,—eager to find the latest words of Eliot, Cummings, Mann or Pound, of Sherwood Anderson, or Marianne Moore. It was a habit-forming intellectual stimulant, matched by no other literary periodical.

With a discrimination nearly equal to that with which he chose its poetry and prose, the chief editor, Scofield Thayer, also chose pictures to be reproduced at carefully calculated intervals in the text. To these many of us looked forward almost as eagerly, for it was not easy then to see the latest works of Lachaise, Chagall, or Picasso even in reproductions. In order to have a reserve of works on which to draw for his printed plates, Thayer gathered a collection of nearly 600 items: paintings, sculpture, drawings, and prints. The larger part was bought in Europe on one trip in 1923, and except for a few score American works, little was added after that year. The Dial Collection, then, preserves for us intact one discerning man's taste during a very few but very lively and historically rich years. About half of this collection constitutes the bulk of the exhibition at Worcester, and this has been augmented handsomely by a few loans of important works not ever owned by *The Dial*, but once reproduced in its pages.

What other collection of twentieth-century art could rival it in the America of the Twenties? Only those of John Quinn, Sam Lewisohn, the Arensbergs, and Katherine Dreier in New York; that of the not yet terrible-tempered Dr. Barnes near Philadelphia; and in Chicago those of Frederic Clay Bartlett, and Arthur Jerome Eddy (who had bought out the contents of Kandinsky's studio in 1914!). There were also the holdings of dealers in New York, Stieglitz and Kelekian, and of the American Steins in Paris. In quantity only Quinn's collection was larger. In quality one cannot equate the Dial collection with the others—there are no usable aesthetic measuring instruments—but one can say that only Miss Dreier's and the Arensbergs's were more adventurous, thanks, perhaps, to the guidance of Marcel Duchamp.

Where did Scofield Thayer learn his way about in modern art before he began to buy it? Not in his classes at Harvard, though he occasionally made handsome acknowledgment of his debts to Santayana's course in aesthetics as did his colleagues Eliot and Seldes, nor in hours outside the classroom, where he picked up a taste for modern literature from his slightly older and more informed contemporaries. (One of Harvard's virtues has long been its stimulating extra-curricular intellectual climate.) He cannot have learned by looking at modern art in Cambridge or Boston—there was none—and he did not even see the Armory Show of 1913 because he left for two years at Oxford soon after graduating in 1912. However, he did know many of the liveliest younger writers in Europe and America, and some of the liveliest older ones, and, during the years after the war when painters and writers were so often so close, it was presumably first through his writer friends' sharp eyes that he was brought to see the work of the liveliest living painters, young and old.

"Madonna and Child" by Ivan Mestrovic.

The range of his choice of the advanced art of about 1900 to 1925 is so broad that one soon begins to notice what is lacking; that may be the most striking compliment to the collection's completeness. One misses Klee, Mondrian, Juan Gris and Cubist Picasso, or Braque. With thirty-five years of comfortable protective hindsight we now can see that the chief gap in Thayer's near-omniscience was his indifference to abstract art, but if we turn our hindsight on a little stronger we may recognize that this was then no peculiarity of Thayer's alone, for just in those years around 1923 abstract art may well have appeared to be in a recession or even a final decline. The stimulating new movements were not abstract, and many of the old abstract heroes were painting what seemed to be apostasies. Only two pictures in the Dial exhibition are nonobjective—a weak O'Keeffe and an aggressive Cummings called "Sound"—and both would seem to have got in for reasons other than their abstractness. The Picassos are all Blue, Rose, or Neo-Classical, and the single Braque is of a big female nude.

Perhaps the most surprising richness is not to be found in the already famous French (four Bonnards, seven Matisses, nineteen Picassos, six Maillols, thirty-four Lautrec lithos) nor in the Americans (Demuth, Lachaise, Marin, Nadelman, etc., plus thirty-four Cummings drawings) but in the wide selection of Central and North Europeans. Here is a Munch landscape—surely by many years the first to come into an American collection—accompanied by sixteen superlative Munch prints. Here are seven Chagalls (three of prime quality) and a diverse wealth of lesser works by Barlach, Corinth, Kokoschka, Lehmbruck, and Marc, then little known to America, and Klimt and Schiele, names scarcely to be heard here for another thirty years. There is also an engaging miscellany of works by forgotten or entirely unfamiliar Germanic and Scandinavian artists. At the same time the collection is blessedly free from what we now hindsightedly count as the usual "mistakes" of the taste of the Twenties: only a very few Derains, Laurencins, and Vlamincks of the stereotyped sort.

Furthermore, although assembled by a literary man for illustration in a literary magazine, the pictures are not literary: their major qualities are strikingly and consistently pictorial. If he learned about modern art from writers, Mr. Thayer learned extraordinarily well. The exhibition, nevertheless, does have a literary quality, and this seems not only appropriate but also agreeable. We find portraits of Marianne Moore, Cummings, Thayer, and Henry McBride; we are reminded that Delaunay's "St. Severin" was reproduced facing the first page of the first appearance of "The Waste

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—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Pierrot," 1918, by Pablo Picasso —one discerning man's taste.

Land" (November, 1922); and we find *Dial* manuscripts in display cases, and letters from Eliot, Pound, Mann, and other illustrious contributors. Cummings came to the Museum to read his poems at a spirited symposium on *The Dial* and the taste of the Twenties a few days after the exhibition opened. The catalogue, with critical and historical essays by Henry McBride and Daniel Catton Rich, with a generous number of illustrations and hundreds of factual entries of meticulous accuracy, nostalgically reproduces the form and paper and typography that Bruce Rogers combined for the first *Dial* that Thayer edited.

Worcester is an appropriate place to show this extraordinary assemblage for besides being the home city of Thayer, it boasts a museum which was one of the very first to show modern art in America. A Monet was bought in 1909, a Redon in '19, a superb Gauguin in '21, and in 1924 the Museum exhibited part of the then new Dial Collection in connection with the *Dial* portfolio of "Living Art," a set of the best reproductions that had yet been published in America (though the plates had been made in Germany). I can still remember well the excitement of journeying to Worcester specially to see that exhibition —and, after seeing them again, I feel like someone returning from a miraculous thirty-fifth class reunion at which nothing has aged but himself.

The present exhibition, which will be on view until September 8th, has been adroitly and attractively installed by the Museum's Curator, Louisa Dresser. The idea of commemorating *The Dial* with such an assemblage was first suggested by the previous director, Francis Henry Taylor. —JOHN MCANDREW.

Horizons

Continued from page 11

for more than six years, and a list that I have seen of its programs shows an extraordinary variety. It has drawn upon all the arts, and ranged from ancient times to the immediate moment. Adaptations of literary works do not bulk large on the list, but among the authors who have been represented are Chekhov, Frank O'Connor, Stendhal, James Agee, Joyce, Henry James, Poe, Mark Twain, and Dostoevsky. (Several persons have spoken to me with enthusiasm of the three-part "Notes from the Underground" that was televised last autumn.)

I can speak only about the two adaptations I saw, but these were enough to convince me that there are wonderful possibilities here. It is hard to define the peculiar pleasure the programs gave me. There was, first, the plain re-enjoyment of Melville's story and Miss Jewett's book. It was good to be reminded of characters and scenes and good to hear words that had stayed in my memory. But there was also the satisfaction of feeling that my pleasure was being shared, in the first instance by the script writer, the producer, the director, the actors, the cameramen, and anyone else responsible for the production, and, in the second place, by everyone else who was watching the program. Finally, there was the sense that something new was being created, something that the authors themselves, if they could have watched, would have recognized and appreciated. Whatever it was, it could not have existed without the original texts, but it did have a life of its own.

The opportunities are endless. Although certain sorts of material are not suitable for presentation on television's limited screen, a vast library lies open to any production staff comparable in intelligence and resourcefulness to that of Camera Three. Much that could not readily be done on the stage or in films would be wonderfully effective in this sort of television performance. Henry James alone could inspire a year's programs.

What would be involved economically I have no idea. Camera Three is a sustaining program, presented by the Public Affairs Department of WCBS-TV in connection with the New York State Education Department. (It appears on some ninety stations scattered across the country.) That such a program could be made commercially profitable, or could be what it is if it did have a sponsor, is, I suppose, unthinkable. But I have a fact to report, for what it is worth, to the television industry: After looking at a lot of shows while living in New York City, I have decided not to buy a television set for my upstate home. If, however, Camera Three were locally available, for that and that alone I'd have a set installed before 11:30 A.M. next Sunday.

Instructions for Acting: Drunk Scene

By Judson Jerome

NO, don't act drunk. No drunk acts drunk except
when soberly he wants to hug the world
like sun-warmed laundry off the line and blindly
tumble—or else he's young and thinks its smart.
We drinkers stand much straighter than we can:

a tinkle tells us when we tilt too far.
We talk like alum-eaters, listen like
lip-reading lovers, hiccup man to man.
Our insight blurs our gaiety. We think
our underwater vista, wobbly, blue,

is somehow truer than landscapes of air.
We reconfirm the facts with each new drink.
As children play at seriousness, we are
more sober, drunk, than we know how to be:
our life is acting, speaking lines we learned

uncaring, but, the curtain up, we *care*.
Just play the scene as though you cared too much,
as though the wall might shift beneath your hand
(which wall, you know, may sometimes do). Just play
at holding something you can never touch.

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Nehru

Continued from page 13

one by one, and seven million refugees trekked hundreds of miles across the parched land, dying of hunger and thirst, in search of security in the now severed lobes of the great subcontinent.

Gandhi opposed partition to the end. England, he submitted, could not transfer power to Jinnah, who represented the Moselm minority. Ultimately, therefore, she would have to yield to the Congress wish for a free, united India or stay—and she had decided to leave. However, according to Brecher, Nehru found "the prize of power . . . tempting" for the most idealistic reasons. Ever skeptical, he feared that England would stay a long time and accordingly compromised and took less than the whole.

AZAD attributes to Patel equal responsibility for partition. Brecher apportions the blame in like manner though more gently. By and large, Brecher's biography is laudatory, friendly, at times worshipful if never starry-eyed. "Nehru is a giant, both as a man and statesman," he asserts, and pays richly deserved tributes to the Prime Minister for fighting, against heavy odds, to extirpate caste, untouchability, Hindu reaction, and India's woeful economic backwardness. Undeviatingly democratic, faithful to the Gandhi principle of means above ends, increasingly leaning to nonviolence, Nehru holds India together despite tough fissiparous pulls and has set her on the path toward a modern society. Brecher, a Canadian from McGill University, also justifies Nehru's nonalignment foreign policy and though the defense is far from logic-proof he puts his finger on the heart of the matter in one sentence: "All [Indians] bask in the glory Nehru has achieved on the international stage." Nehru and Menon also need Russia to veto any unfavorable U.N. action on Kashmir.

Mixing criticism with adulation, Brecher says Nehru is "an inept administrator," "has never controlled the Congress machine," "has criticized nepotism and corruption in the administration but has never acted against them." Thus "rhetoric" makes "many discount these threats as annoyances of the moment." Yet let no one throw stones at the man who at least wants to cleanse the Augean stables. Despite the flaws and the clay in the feet, Nehru stands forth from Brecher's volume as a monunmental leader, and it is small wonder then that the question of the succession looms so grimly. Brecher speculates as others have, and names the candidates, to which I would add the caveat that he may survive them all.

Almost the most interesting aspect of the biography is the new light cast on Nehru's mental processes. "Ever the mediator," Brecher calls him. "Pragmatism looms large in his thought as it does in his approach to decisions. . . . Perhaps his greatest defect is indecision; he vacillates. . . . Whenever the opportunity for negotiation arose during the [Second World] War Nehru came to the fore. But in time of open struggle, as always in the past, the Congress turned to his mentor [Mahatma Gandhi]." For Gandhi was a revolutionist, Nehru then and now the reformer.

This is borne out by an analysis of Nehru's ideology. Donald E. Smith's "Nehru and Democracy" is an orderly academic study of the man's social philosophy, full of valuable quotes arranged in neat pigeonholes. Brecher clothes the same kind of analysis with flesh and skin. In 1928, Nehru said, "I do believe in Communism as an ideal of society," but he was never a Communist, although the impressions Russia made on him have not been completely erased. "My roots," as he has declared, "are still perhaps partly in the nineteenth century," so that he cannot be anything but a liberal democrat, a Fabian. "No moral right [was] attached to property," he stated in 1954. Is one entitled to own slaves? If nationalization aids production, nationalize. Otherwise don't. His attitude toward democracy is similarly realistic: it must serve freedom and nonviolence. Therefore the government may put one under preventive custody to forestall trouble. Anybody who knows the tinderbox of Indian passions would take the same view.

Is Nehru a Marxist? Yes and no, chiefly no. He does not fit into any category. He makes his own, but not for long. What was his philosophy of life before the Second World War? He admitted he did not know. He is still more in the dark today. The Five Year Plan, he confessed, "is not based on any dogmatic or doctrinaire approach." His method is trial and error; "if one thing fails we will try another." Hence Nehru's flexibility and readiness to compromise. He remains uncertain, elusive, aloof, alone, sad. A Hamlet with a crown. Attractive because his heart and mind are inaccessible. As he gropes to find the truth so others grope to find him—and fail.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 3, 2, 4, 8, 6, 10, 9, 14, 5, 13, 1, 7, 15, 12.

De Gaulle

Continued from page 15

derstood by John Winant in London). We now know that George VI shared the views of most of his subjects that the subordination of de Gaulle to Darlan was unthinkable, even if it did "save the lives of American boys." Some of the crosscurrents between the two capitals are illustrated by Professor Funk's discussion of the role of various French exiles and informants in the United States. Many people of great merit quit France for America in this period. There is no reason to reproach them but, as long as the United States was a neutral you couldn't actively resist the Germans or Vichy from Washington or New York. Necessarily, then, as the Resistance grew in France it had to turn to the only place, London, and the only man, de Gaulle, who had preached and practised a policy of fighting the Nazis, not of lecturing against them. By the time of Pearl Harbor it was too late to alter this fact. So reliance on people like Alexis Léger was mistaken. And as for reliance on Camille Chautemps, the embodiment of what was most despised in France this was a bad joke.

There were plenty of American officials in the State Department and in the Army who knew this but their views were not listened to, and at the end of the chain of command was the Dutch obstinacy of the President. As a result, the United States for many French people, was less an ally than an overbearing and arrogant boss, and it took all General Eisenhower's good sense and charm to undo the mischief.

This is not to say that General de Gaulle was not "difficult." He was, very difficult, partly from temperament, partly from policy. What had ruined France, so he believed, was "*la facilité*," and there was to be none of that debilitating atmosphere in the ranks of Fighting France. Then, thanks to the existence of the Vichy government, the position of France was doubly endangered, by German conquest and local treason (for so de Gaulle saw it). The only way to preserve the interests and dignity of France was to be rigid, unaccommodating, to say "no" rather than "yes." Professor Funk realizes the roots of the de Gaulle attitude but thinks that the General might have done better if he had been more pliable. Maybe, but then he would have had to be another man.

A great deal of the story told here is sordid, as the reverse of the carpet in any political system must surely be. But it is also dramatic and moving.

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Book Burners

Continued from page 22

the pressure of space limits, that such excerpt-lifting cannot help but make for some distortion. In this sort of writing *tone* is a major vehicle of communication. The writing, moreover, goes by something like musical principle, with basic themes recurring and being varied. Thus any number of details may be lost in transit, and the reader may still succeed in identifying, if only behind a veil of verbiage, at least the area of the writer's intent.

On the legal question of whether such writing could conceivably be held to be obscene, however, there is no need to lean over backwards. Mix as many blasphemies and obscenities as you like into this sort of mishmash, and it is still impossible to conceive how any average man can go on reading the stuff, let alone be corrupted by it. Certainly its intent is serious. But how can a man put to sleep by the reading become lewdly and lasciviously excited by it? I would suggest to our guardians in the Post Office Department, as a ponderable principle of law, that dullness precludes excitation of the centers, and that by the test of dullness, Kerouac's writing is as unimpeachable as Federal prose.

WHEN, moreover, writing of this experimental nature appears in what must be roughly classified as a "highbrow literary quarterly" that sells at $1 a copy, and that almost exclusively by subscription, it is very unlikely that the four-letter words will ever pass before the eyes of any but literary sophisticates. That sixteen-year-old girl, here and hereinafter known as The Sweetheart of Chicago U, is safe forever. The Statue of Liberty's torch continues to burn high and clean. And why don't you just go on about the business of getting my mail to me in time, gentlemen?

The ten episodes from William S. Burrough's "Naked Lunch," on the other hand, is writing of an order that may be cleanly defended not only as a masterpiece of its own *genre*, but as a monumentally moral descent into the hell of narcotic addiction. As in Kerouac's blurt, the writing does, to be sure, contain a number of four-letter words, but the simple fact is that such obscenities—if obscenities they are—are inseparable from the total fabric and effect of the moral message. No less a writer than Dante made it a principle of harmonious style deliberately to coarsen the writing when dealing with debased characters as his subject matter. And in what shall a man have sinned in applying the lessons of a great master?

What Burroughs has written is a many-leveled vision of horror. At times the surfaces of the writing seem to be coldly reportorial:

> The body knows what veins you can hit and conveys this knowledge in the spontaneous movements you make in preparing to take a shot. Sometimes the needle points like a dowser's wand. These messages from the blood are infallible, literally always right. Sometimes I must wait for the message, but when it comes I always hit blood. . . .
> . . . Running out of veins and out of money.

Bit by bit the undertone of self-consuming horror leaps free of even surface realism and begins to develop through more fanciful perceptions:

> She seized a safety pin caked with blood and rust, gouged a great hole in her leg which seemed to hang open like an obscene, festering mouth waiting for unspeakable congress with the dropper which she now plunged out of sight into the gaping wound.

By the end, the horror emerges in a surrealistic montage of dramatic scene and dramatic hallucination. Even the physical lineaments of the body are absorbed into the lust for drugs. The lust becomes a kind of green ooze that sucks the body into itself. Burroughs's portrait of The Buyer is certainly one of the most memorable (and, ultimately, most moral) horrors of surrealistic writing.

And only after the first shock does one realize that what Burroughs is writing about is not only the destruction of depraved men by their drug lust, but the destruction of all men by their consuming addictions, whether the addiction be drugs or overrighteous propriety, lasciviousness or sixteen-year-old girls. Burroughs is not only serious in his intent, but he is a writer of great power and artistic integrity engaged in a profoundly meaningful search for true values. Neither of the works cited could conceivably be held to be obscene by a reasonable court.

One is not dealing here with reason, however, but only with the Post Office Department. The postal inspectors can read the law as clearly as can the next man, but it is evident by now that the Post Office is not interested in the law but only in its own kind of harassment. The history of the Department's book seizures has consistently justified the assumption that it will deal in every sort of moral sneak-play rather than make a clean declaration of principle. Dr. Kinsey, in gathering books and other materials for his sex studies, endured seizure after seizure by the Post Office, and tried for years to engage the Department in a test case. In every instance the Post Office backed down and delivered the seized material at the threat of a courtroom test, only to begin the whole mindless routine over again at the next opportunity. Or could it be that the boys in the Inspector's office just liked peeking into Dr. Kinsey's mail, and what then of *l'homme moyen sensuel*, and by whom defined?

Many American men of letters have filed their protests against this seizure. If the Post Office does not back down in the face of that expert opinion, funds will certainly be raised by public appeal, a court action will be initiated, and the Post Office will eventually release *Big Table #1*. That much is certain.

But the question is not one of the eventual release of the magazine. Rather, it is of the official harassment of a small, imperfect, but serious literary magazine that is trying to operate on a necessarily tight budget. Who pays for the letters that must be written to established writers to request their support? Who pays for the trip to Washington and for counsel? And when the editors have won the release of *Big Table #1*, what assurances have they that it will not begin all over again with *Big Table #2*? Is this the true intent of the Post Office Department: to force a safe and sane sixteen-year-old-sweetheart conformity upon all writing, by making it financially disastrous to venture beyond the literary standards of a postal inspector, who yet seems to enjoy peeking into other people's more promising mail?

IN MATTERS of art, what is official is always inhuman. Neither the barbarians of the Book of Regulations nor the barbarians of sweet-sixteen have any business between the minds of a serious writer and a serious reader. Nor can they be tolerated there. All censorship is a disaster that begins in ignorance and seeks to culminate in demagoguery. No occasion in the turbulences of a complex but still hopefully democratic society calls for stronger language in rebuttal. A curse on all of them as faithless men. Or worse, as men who have subverted faith to expedience. There can be no compromise with the book burners. There is only the duty to hold them in disgust, and the hope that they can be made to understand the scorn of freer and better men.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Bernhardt-Bardot

Continued from page 10

sistently proved profitable to their makers or exercised a profound influence on American tastes and American picture making.

As Germany's prestige waned, Russian films soared like premature satellites into world-wide eminence. Never before had we seen any pictures in America like these. They were revolutionary not only in subject matter, but in their whole approach to picture-making. Unlike the German films, they were not studio produced but shot in the streets, forests, factories, and public buildings. They were acted not by trained performers but by peasants, workers, and soldiers. Above all, their purpose was not so much to entertain as to instruct and propagandize. In the words of Lenin: "Of all the arts, the cinema is the most important for us."

His disciples applied the teachings of the master not only to the production of films but also to their distribution. A special agency, Amkino, was set up in the United States to see that they were widely shown and at first they were hailed enthusiastically not only by fellow travelers but by intellectuals and all who appreciated fine movie-making. Indeed, Pudovkin's "End of St. Petersburg" in 1927 played the Roxy, then America's largest theatre. As time went on, however, the necessity for authors and producers to conform with whatever political dogma temporarily was in power in the Kremlin slowly undermined the vitality and imagination of the early Russian pictures. Today they are patronized only by a dwindling band of the faithful. Under the terms, however, of the recently concluded United States-Soviet film pact we will soon have an opportunity to see some of the more recent, highly acclaimed Russian films such as "The Cranes Are Flying," "And Quiet Flows the Don," "Othello," and "Don Quixote." In return, some American films—"Man of a Thousand Faces," "Helen of Troy," "The Bridge on the River Kwai," "A Farewell to Arms," and others of equally varying merit—are to be distributed behind the apparently less-than-Iron Curtain.

In the 1930s, my partner, Joseph Burstyn, and I found that our best source of material differing markedly from American productions — our guiding aim—came from France. We and our competitors imported such superb attractions as "Carnival in Flanders," "The Grand Illusion," "The Baker's Wife," and "Marius" with a maximum of critical approval and a minimum of public support. I am not intimating for one moment that these pictures or many others I could mention are superior to the best produced in the United States, or even that the general level of European production is superior to ours. We looked at hundreds of films, spending long days in dreary projection rooms in an effort to cull out a chosen few that we considered worthy of being shown on American screens. These were primarily the work of independent producers, who kept alive the movie equivalent of handwork in a mass production era when most of the American studios were turning out approximately fifty pictures annually, turning them out as Rossellini once put it with pardonable exaggeration, "like sausage factories." With care and pride these craftsmen designed their films not for the lowest common denominator of intelligence but for the attention of mature men and women. They despised formula and cheap theatricalism and sought to enlist the services of distinguished authors, directors, and legitimate theatre performers. As a consequence their more successful efforts, because of their warm humanity and sensitivity, came to be identified in America half-admiringly, half-disparagingly as "foreign art pictures."

Italy in particular staged a marvelous come-back immediately at the close of World War II. It was my privilege to be in Rome only a few days after our GIs entered the city. Two young Americans persuaded me to take time out to look at a picture that had been made by a previously insignificant Italian director, Roberto Rossellini, for a few thousand lira out of any scraps of film raw stock that he could lay his hands on. It had been shot dangerously from concealed spots in courtyards, streets, and taxis while the war was approaching its end. I screened it reluctantly, as Italian films in the early years of the Mussolini era had become known to us as "white telephone pictures" because of their exclusive preoccupation with the virginally decorated boudoirs of their less-than-virginal heroines. I can still recall how indifference was transformed into excitement and how, in spite of the clammy cold of the half-bombed old palace where I watched "Open City" for the first time, I had an almost unbearable sense of intimate participation in what was taking place on the screen. No sooner was I out of the palace than I managed to circumvent Army brass and get a cable through to Burstyn. When a few months later he obtained a print, he was as deeply impressed as I and proceeded to handle the film's American distribution with his customary monogamous absorption. It proved the first great foreign success since the coming of sound, grossing the incredible sum, at least for those days, of $1,000,000.

We followed it up with an equally sensational Rossellini attraction, "Paisan," an episodic picture in a pre-Maugham era when episodic pictures were regarded as smallpox at the box office. In 1949 we brought a third great Italian film to America, De Sica's "Bicycle Thief," which, although it contained no hint of indecency or sadism, was because of its uncompromising honesty and candor condemned by the Legion of Decency and refused the Motion Picture Association's Code Seal.

It should in fairness be remarked that the Italians were equally unappreciative of this saga of the vicissitudes of an unemployed man and his little boy. I narrowly escaped not even screening it. My advisers in Rome said: "Don't waste your time. It's a depressing story about a stupid workman whose family starves because his bike is stolen. All he had to do was to rent another bicycle for a few lira and he could have held onto his job."

Actually—and this is one of the things that makes film importing both so engrossing and so hazardous—there is no apparent correlation between success in the European market and in the American. Most of the so-called neorealistic pictures — "Shoeshine," "To Live in Peace," "Miracle in Milan" —did very badly in Italy. "Our people," Rossellini once said, "have had their stomachful of trouble. Now they want to be happy. They want to see Betty Grable."

The zealous importers who paid large guarantees to bring smash European success such as "The Little World of Don Camillo," "The Wages of Fear," and "Versailles" to the United States, suffered heavy losses. For a variety of reasons quite clear

—From "The Movies" (Simon and Schuster).

Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in 1932's "A Farewell to Arms." The 1958 version will be shown in Russia.

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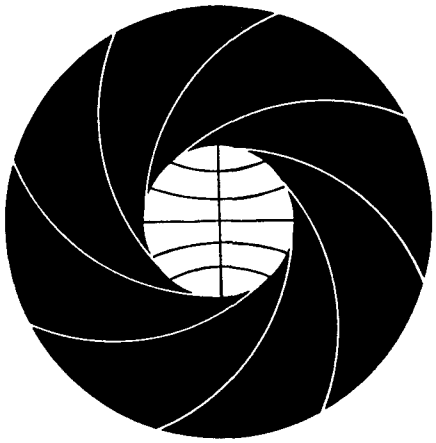

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only to year-end quarterbacks, none of them proved popular in the United States. On the other hand, the outstanding foreign hits of the past few years before "And God Created Woman" (and lots of other troubles for film importers) were "Gate of Hell," an unforgettable Japanese picture that intermingled an ancient aesthetic tradition with the last word in modern film technique and color; "Diabolique" and "Rififi," two hair-raising melodramas as good as anything Hollywood ever devised in the chiller-diller department; "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," a charming Gallic comedy, and "La Strada," a stylized, tragic Italian portrayal of a simple-minded girl clown.

What principles of popularity can be deduced from a group of favorites having so little in common? What rules can be postulated to explain what the public wants and what it rejects?

Obviously there is not "a public," but many publics. There is an audience for the synthetic horror films with which the Japanese are flooding the domestic market. There is enough public acceptance to make the so-called Italian "historicals" such as "Attilla" and "Hercules" as profitable as they are spurious. There is a public at least in New York and a few other metropolitan centers for a deeply compassionate, human document like the French "He Who Must Die." Thus far the reception of a genuine cinematic masterpiece, the Indian "Aparajito," much as of the Danish "Ordet" last season makes a mockery of those who proclaim a rising tide of movie appreciation. On the other hand, Miss Bardot's kittenish charms even in second-rate vehicles such as "Love Is My Profession" continue to be (for foreign language films) first-rate box-office.

Under these circumstances it is not too surprising that film importers and art-house operators tend to regard well-proportioned young women with more favor than well-performed, well-constructed pictures. For this preference some good people find fault with them, but personally I am more inclined to find fault with the good people. As long as I can remember, they have made a practice of paying lip service to fine films, but rarely of paying admission.

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LINCOLN CENTER STATES ITS CASE

By REGINALD ALLEN

In response to "Zero Hour for Lincoln Center" (SR April 25), the Executive Director of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts reviews the concepts that prompted the grand design of the $75,000,000 cultural development, of which John D. Rockefeller 3rd is presiding officer.

IN THE earliest phase of planning Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, its directors adopted the policy that considerations of quality were to outweigh all other factors, including probable audience demand. They believed it a higher public service to present the greatest art in the most appropriate setting than to increase seating capacity beyond visual and acoustical limits of enjoyment and appreciation. This decision for quality meets both a businessman's judgment and a music man's taste.

Before designing the new Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center, architects Wallace Harrison and Max Abramovitz first put these questions to their client, the Lincoln Center Board of Directors: What kind of a house do you want us to design? What should be its primary function? And, after consultation with the Philharmonic management and with scores of experienced professionals, the answer was clear: This hall must be the finest instrument for hearing music in the world, to serve as the permanent home of America's oldest symphony orchestra, the New York Philharmonic. All other uses and considerations were to be secondary.

The firm of Bolt Beranek & Newman, acoustical consultants of Cambridge, Massachusetts, with Mr. Hope Bagenal of England serving as advisory consultant, were given the responsibility of the acoustical design of Philharmonic Hall. They studied more than thirty important halls in fifteen different countries. These studies included acoustical measurements and tests, binaural recordings, and dimensional and materials tabulations. They were supplemented by lengthy interviews with symphony conductors, including Leonard Bernstein, Erich Leinsdorf, Eugene Ormandy, and Fritz Reiner. The result revealed the acoustical preference of an informed group. The ten best-liked concert halls in the world were found to share the following characteristics: 1) small area of audience seating (the best halls seated between 1,500 and 2,200 persons translated into present-day standards of seat spacing); 2) small volume (between 500,000 and 700,000 cubic feet); 3) high reverberation time (between 1.8 and 2.0 seconds with full occupancy at mid-frequencies, 500-1000 cycles per second); 4) narrow auditoriums (rectangular and as narrow as sixty to seventy-five feet); 5) flat ceilings with irregular surfaces such as coffers; 6) floors that do not rake steeply; and 7) other details of a more technical nature establishing acoustical aspects such as definition, tonal balance, orchestra section balance, freedom from echo, on-stage "blending," etc. Obviously, design involving deep balconies must be avoided because seats under deep balcony overhang cannot enjoy the best acoustical results.

The Grosse Musikvereinsaal in Vienna, built in 1870, seating only 1,650, was found by these studies to be among the best-liked halls in the world. The Boston Symphony Hall, built in 1900, was also highly regarded. It seats 2,631, but its seat-size, close row-to-row spacing and narrow aisles would not be acceptable today. If reseated in accordance with acceptable spacing comfort and conforming to present-day public-safety codes, its capacity would be about 2,200.

The studies made abundantly clear that if one is to stay within a limitation of cubic volume, provide moderately wide seats comfortably spaced and, at the same time, avoid deep balconies, it is impossible to secure capacities of 2,700-3,000.

The Lincoln Center objective of a "one-class house" is expected to assure relatively equal comfort and space in all price categories of seating. Corridors and lobby areas of Symphony Hall, Boston, average 4.8 square feet per seat, compared with those of more commodious halls, which provide as much as 25.2 square feet per seat in London's Royal Festival Hall. (Carnegie Hall—2,760 seats—strikes an amazingly low 2.9 square

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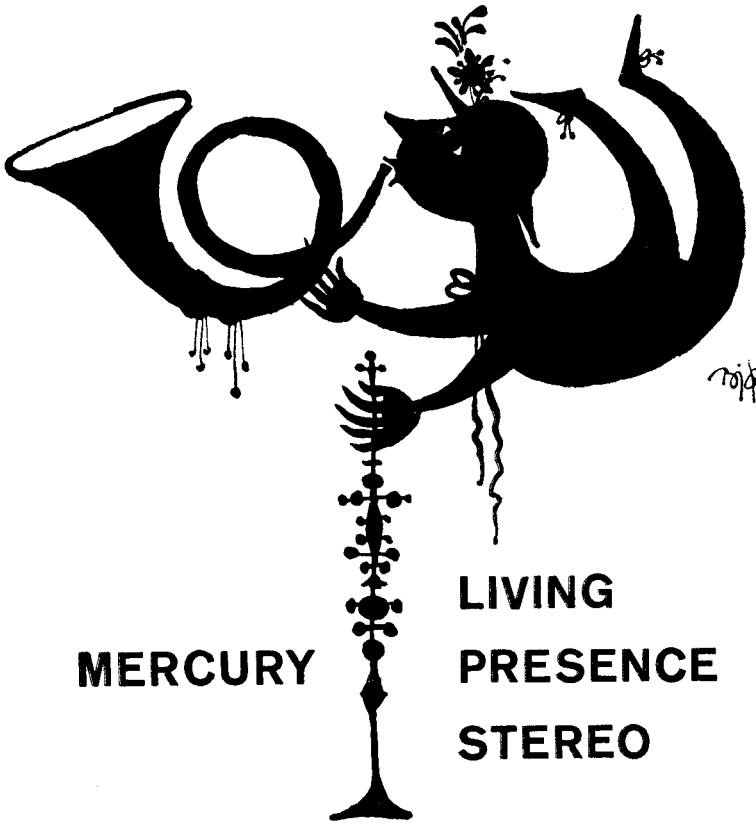

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feet per seat.) Collateral to the capacity of 2,400 seats for the new Philharmonic Hall, architect Max Abramovitz achieved a comfortable compromise of the 14.5 square feet of lobby and corridor space per seat. This will offer the added advantage of insulating the auditorium from outside traffic noises.

In the case of the new Metropolitan Opera House, studies preceded by many years the dream of Lincoln Center. These culminated three years ago in bringing over from Germany Walther Unruh, stage technical consultant, widely experienced in the rebuilding of European postwar theatres and opera houses. The earliest efforts of Lincoln Center officials working with the Metropolitan management and its technical advisors were aimed at preserving and perhaps slightly increasing the present opera house capacity. Current demand for its 3,650 seats produces over 98 per cent sold-out houses. The figure 3,800 has been tentatively established as a desirable target; but the same two considerations of quality—acoustics plus audience comfort-cum-intimacy—are arguing strongly today for a smaller opera house. Wallace Harrison and auditorium seating consultant Ben Schlanger are faced with an almost irreconcilable problem. The design factors that might insure good acoustics and intimate audience-stage relationship oppose achieving such capacity—and vice versa.

Incidentally, opera lovers should not be dismayed by the rumor that the new house might continue the "horseshoe" shape. There are horseshoes and horseshoes in the Harrison-Schlanger smithy. They need not all be flat and U-shaped. Some are broader at the open end and tilted. The horseshoe need not necessarily produce impossible sightlines.

But a new opera house cannot please everyone, any more than can a new concert hall. It is possible that the presently contemplated audience increase may be abandoned. In fact, it is even possible that in its final plans the Metropolitan Opera House will follow the Philharmonic Hall to a capacity lower than that afforded by its present building.

The so-called Dance Theatre (a misnomer: no major theatre of importance exists solely for ballet and the dance) is in reality a not-so-small opera house. Many opera houses of Europe—all of them much smaller than the present Metropolitan Opera House—double as intermittent homes for their nations' great ballet companies. Thus, the Paris Opera (capacity 2,156), Covent Garden, London (capacity 2,052), the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow (capacity, 2,000), are shared by both ballet and opera companies. The counterpart of these houses at Lincoln Center is presently planned to be a theatre of approximately 2,200-2,500 capacity, larger than many of its European fellows. Before arriving at this figure, Lincoln Center consulted leading producers and designers of operetta, including Vinton Freedley, Oscar Hammerstein II, Jo Mielziner, and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, all of whom placed the maximum advisable capacity for operetta at 1,600-1,800.

Lincoln Center ground breaking—(L. to R.) John D. Rockefeller 3rd; President Eisenhower; David Keiser, president of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society; Robert Moses, Park Commissioner; Hulan Jack, Borough President of Manhattan; Mayor Robert Wagner; Lt. Gov. Malcolm Wilson.

For resident ballet use, careful studies were made of the audience experience of the New York City Ballet over several seasons. The results showed that a resident company, playing eight to ten weeks at a stretch and returning again for a second season within the year, experienced capacity business in excess of 2,500 only on weekends and during certain special holiday periods. Specifically, if business experienced in the 3,000-seat New York City Center had been transferred to a 2,500-seat theatre at Lincoln Center, the result would have shown empty seats outnumbering by more than eight to one people turned away at the box office. In other words, on the evenings from Tuesday through Friday, an overwhelming majority of present-day audiences would not only fit comfortably into a 2,500-seat house, but would have ample space for expansion.

With resident ballet doing weekend business of 2,800 to 3,000 admissions per performance, and operetta advisors warning against houses larger than 1,600 to 1,800, a carefully studied compromise was indicated. Architect Philip Johnson found that the basic intimate opera house design of Philadelphia's 102-year-old Academy of Music (capacity 3,000) could be adapted to help solve the problem. Like Boston's Symphony Hall, this house if rebuilt today would suffer approximately 16 per cent reduction in capacity. Johnson's probable capacity potential for Lincoln Center's Dance Theatre will lie between 2,200 seats for operetta use and 2,500 for ballet, this flexibility being effected by an extensible upper balcony.

It has been argued that a theatre of this size will be economically unsuited to such touring companies as England's Royal Ballet and Russia's Bolshoi and Moiseyev troupes. This probably is true, but it in no way precludes their profitable visits to Lincoln Center's new Metropolitan Opera House which, fully air-conditioned, will be available throughout the year. Similarly, a great repertory company like the Old Vic or the Comédie Française, which would not be able to play profitably on tour in Lincoln Center's 1,100-seat repertory theatre, would be appropriate tenants in the 2,500-seat Dance Theatre.

It is important to the concept of Lincoln Center that the seasonal restrictions of the years preceding full operation of the Center need not necessarily pertain to 1963-1965 and beyond. Not only is it confidently

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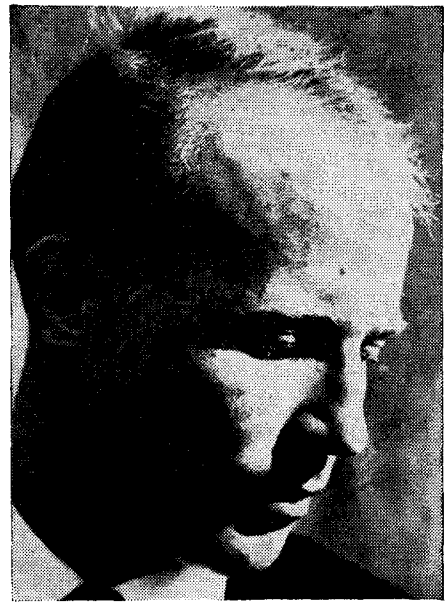
The New German Music—1959

By OLIVER DANIEL

WHEN the delegates to the recent meeting of the International Music Council of UNESCO met in the new UNESCO House in Paris, they found on their desks a rather formidable portfolio of papers relating to agenda, meetings, conferences, concerts, talks, proposals, and the like. As the American delegate to these meetings, I found, on sifting through the assorted papers, a finely engraved invitation from the German Ambassador to a reception at the Embassy. Subsequently, similar invitations arrived from other embassies or information centers, including those of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and several Far Eastern countries. But there were none from the United States or any other country in the New World, nor from England, which had not even bothered to send a delegate.

One had to admire the German thoroughness and undimmed historic interest in music. I think it impressed all of the delegates, and I know I secretly wished our own representatives might have been as perceptive. The German Ambassador's party was a small but elegant affair, and eventually we were invited into a large salon where chairs—all comfortable—were arranged in somewhat military fashion. There, as a captive audience, we were given a preview of a new collection of records, which have been assembled under the generic title "Musica Nova." (The first batch of six discs was reviewed in *SR* in February, 1957.)

We heard for the first time new works by Gunter Bialas, Wolfgang Fortner, Harald Genzmer, Hans Werner Henze, Karl Holler, Giselher Klebe, Carl Orff, and Ernst Pepping. With the exception of Orff, these men have been heard but little outside their native Germany. This collection of records and scores, handsomely boxed and containing printed scores and an informative introduction both to new trends in German composition and to the composers themselves (with biographical sketches and program notes), is now circulating in America in an edition uniform with the previous production by Deutsche Grammophon. The project has been made possible through the coöperation of the German Music Council, the recording company, and the various publishers involved. While the set as a whole is available to libraries and educational institutions, the single records will eventually be released separately through the American outlet, which is Decca. American composers might look with envy at a project of this sort, and our foundations might accomplish more for musical creation in America by inaugurating a project of this nature forthwith than by endless studies that will probably recommend some such idea eventually.



Roy Bernard

Hans Henze—"one of the finest"

The first series introduced works of Egk, Blacher, David, Distler, Hartmann, Hessenberg, and Jarnach. Three of these are becoming known in our concert halls. They are Egk, Blacher, and Hartmann. Of this most recent set, only Orff is known by his music. We may have read about Henze, whose "Boulevard Solitude" has kicked up a sufficient international fuss to be talked about, or the "Ondine" recently added to the repertory of the Royal Ballet. The other names are new.

Orff became known largely through a recording of his vivid "Carmina Burana." It is not likely that his "Bernauerin" would have accomplished such a miracle had it appeared first. Orff is in a sense a one-work man, and that work is his "Carmina Burana." In it he achieved a stylistic individuality that makes all of his subsequent works seem to be either imitations of it or additions and appendages. But Orff fares better in performance than in recordings, for much of the music is dependent on volume and climaxes that are practically impossible to reproduce even with the best of equipment. Being music of immediate appeal, it sounds banal with repetition, since repetition is actually a built-in element. Effects that are purposefully simple are apt to become unabashedly obvious with rehearing.

The "Bernauerin" or "The Bernauer Woman," as he calls it, deals with the story of the beautiful daughter of an Augsburg barber surgeon whose young husband, the Bavarian Duke Albrecht, was drowned in 1435 on orders of the old Duke Ernest. It is actually not an opera or a drama, but rather a scenic historical narration. While this work may be fascinating and impressive to German-speaking audiences, it is not a particularly satisfactory export. Musically it is dependent on effects rather than on content. But perhaps all this may be better in the theatre. K. H. Ruppel reminds us in the accompanying notes that Orff represents an incarnation of the South German, Alpine theatrical mind. It may be then that the appeal is too specialized here.

While subtlety is no particular factor in the music of Orff, it is beautifully characteristic of the work of Hans Werner Henze, one of the finest of the new German composers. Henze was born in Westphalia in 1926; he was drafted into the German Army and was captured by the British toward the end of the war. He seems less German than many of his colleagues, perhaps since he has been somewhat footloose, living at various times in Berlin, Munich, Paris, and now in Naples. His Neapolitan songs are a product of his present location and were written during the spring of 1956. He discovered the texts there in an old library and set them to music which he regards as being "freely invented," giving expression to what he saw and heard in the Neapolitan world. It is strikingly beautiful. Henze writes individualistically without any obvious fettering by cults, trends, or aesthetic pressure groups.

NEAREST in age to Henze is Giselher Klebe, born one year before him. Klebe's setting of the Roman Elegies of Goethe, recited here by Bernard Minetti, do not travel well. This is another work that seems geared to the tastes of German audiences. This type of narration is rather passé here and the accompaniment, consisting of a piano, cembalo, and double bass, while interesting as a combination,

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Interchangeable Chopin Parts

By JAN HOLCMAN

CONTEMPLATING a pile of fresh Chopin LPs (their jackets, alas, often more colorful than their contents) I came to suspect that some of my opinions about different artists sound rather similar. A simple experiment to follow up these doubts only served further to increase my reviewer's "discomfort index": from one brief critique the name of the young performer was erased and in its place was penned another name—yet the critical remarks remained inalterably applicable. Was the criticism insufficiently individuated—or was it perhaps the *playing*?

To be sure, the idiom of musical interpretation may afford a greater wealth of nuance than the language of description. But in many recent performances it may actually be the *lack of personal nuance*, which engenders twin reviews of twin renderings. Even an outstanding pianist like Nadia Reisenberg does not offer adequately pronounced individual characteristics to distinguish her from a score of reputable contemporaries. Her new reading of fifty-six (out of fifty-eight) Chopin Mazurkas—also available in the Rubinstein and Magaloff version—reflects an exemplary musical and pianistic grounding rather than unique artistic insight. (Westminster XWN 18830-3, $4.98 ea.)

Rendered by Reisenberg with keen textual accuracy, clear tone and clean technique, these beautifully elaborated Polish folk reminiscences seldom stir real excitement. One longs for the less disciplined (or orthodox) but intensely imaginative versions of Friedman, who occasionally leaves the listener incensed—never indifferent. The eloquence, grace, and swinging verve of *his* mazurkas presently transport us to a festive Polish village, flashing with the shrill colors of native dress, where the fiddler's gay melodies blend with the quickening, relentless clatter of peasant boots. But Chopin mazurkas are by no means limited to programmatic interpretation. The abstract approach may be fully as convincing as the pictorial, provided it remains logical in plan and unfailing in execution which, beyond mere technique, demands special regard for subtle shadings of contrast. The cliché opposition between forte and piano and the usual dynamic and agogic range rationally distributed over the shortest and longest phrases only constitutes the expressive outline. There must further be considered the distinctions between legato and legatissimo, dolce and dolcissimo, or forte and fortissimo (sometimes rendered frothissimo) accompanied by manifold gradations of staccatos and accents from the delicate to the exaggerated. Finally, there still remain the invisible strands of dance rhythm, whose unwritten laws transcend the most minute notation and recreation.

Nadia Reisenberg apparently attempts to reach these high performing standards but her use of contrast, within and between mazurkas, does not always achieve the desired variety. In some instances, even the tempos of the various pieces are less differentiated than the composer's expression marks would suggest. Thus her metronome, and consequently the mood, scarcely changes from Op. 63 No. 3, inscribed Allegretto, to Op. 63 No. 2, which is marked Lento. As against it, one could dispense with a "contrast" created by arbitrary acceleration of the octave-section in the "Gaillard" Mazurka: the legato is interrupted, the meaning impaired. Remarkable contrast in expression and volume, however, are heard in Op. 30 No. 3, although here (as in Op. 67 No. 3) the tonal *chiaroscuro* containing an admixture of left pedal imparts to the performance a somewhat artificial flavor. In her best readings, Reisenberg does render admirably the artistic content, as in Op. 67 No. 2 of "velvet" legato, sensitive rubato, and delicately nuanced dynamics. Here the pianist fully penetrated the graceful spirit of Poland's folk dance.

Skoda, who just added two Chopin Sonatas to his extensive discography, all too frequently favors unsuitable contrasts (Westminster XWN 18854, $4.98). The "Funeral March" Sonata oscillates between a razor-sharp forte and a cloying cantabile in which the hands fail to strike jointly. Outgrown by modern pianism, these ancient mannerisms little become the young artist, especially when unaccompanied by ancient virtues, such as singing, poetic legato. Skoda's pedal, aptly measured in Mozart, is here grossly abused, further fuzzying up the fragile Chopin texture. Paradoxically, the abundant pedal-echoes in no way rescue the long phrases from sectionalization, while, at the opposite extreme, Skoda's pedal-less Finale sounds at best like neat, dry Czerny. Perhaps it is to Skoda's credit that he did not become discouraged by his lack of success in the 1949 Chopin International Competition. The pianist's insistence, however, on perpetuating Chopin on record is over-optimistic and could surely not be justified merely by his impressive competence with Mozart.

Heard directly after Skoda, the same sonata sounds quite sober with Pennario (Capitol P-8457). His forte sounds milder, his legato smoother, his continuity more integrated. Less convincing is Pennario's record of four Scherzos (SP 8486), with physical power and finger fluency dominating precision and creating the illusion of greater technical mastery than confirmed in fact. In the third Scherzo the filigreed "silver bells" are rendered too fast, their meter deviating considerably from the over-all pattern. The relative weaknesses of his left hand are here revealed in the light of his superlative right, which at times "covers up" the deficiencies of the less-schooled member.

Two other recent releases should not escape the critical listener's attention—the reliable set of Preludes by Cor de Groot (Epic LC 3017) and Rubinstein's relaxing selections, which include all the Impromptus, the Fantasia in F minor, and a "third edition" of the Barcarolle previously recorded by Rubinstein about 1929 and 1946, *i.e.*, during the period when his Chopin seemed a bit restless.

Having begun with an innocent experiment I should like to conclude with another. A selected Chopin Nocturne was spliced on tape from three recent versions, one pianist offering the opening, a second the development, and a third the recapitulation. In the play-back one could hardly guess the three-fold origin of this uniform, colorless performance. I then repeated my grafting operation using the Mazurka Op. 33 No. 2 in the imaginative recreation by Paderewski, Friedman, and Rosenthal. All three masters were born in Poland, all were contemporaries, and all shared similar mannerisms, in fact, two of them studied with the same Leschetizki. Yet this montage sounded improbable if not downright grotesque. But the old masters would refuse to apologize. You see, in those days Chopin was not marketed in interchangeable parts. Q.E.D.

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Recordings in Review

Cliburn in Carnegie

RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 3 in D minor. Van Cliburn, piano, with Kiril Kondrashin conducting the Symphony of the Air.* RCA Victor LM 2355, $4.98.

WHERE WERE YOU on the night of May 19, 1958? If you were among the limited thousands who crowded into Carnegie Hall to hear Van Cliburn play in America for the first time after his prize-winning journey to Moscow, you will surely want this reproduction of the actual performance as a permanent memento of an unforgettable occasion. And if you were not, more's the reason for putting it to the test of deciding for yourself whether it was as good as the critics said it was.

As for the public, they rendered a judgment in the most profound way of all: not by tumultuous applause (which might have been expected in any case, and has been thoughfully suppressed until the very end) but by what any performer will tell you is the ultimate accolade: the total concentration attested by a marvelously sustained silence. One miscreant coughs in a quiet moment of the first movement, but it is otherwise unblemished by anything untoward.

Actually, the audience also makes its presence felt in the surging excitement, the profoundly warm and impulsive temper of the playing with which Cliburn responded to the occasion. This is not souped-up, supertension of a synthetic sort, but a real emotional exaltation such as one rarely hears in a concert hall, and practically never on a disc. Unlike the studio-made Tchaikovsky, which labors to produce the communication that flowed between Cliburn and Kondrashin and through the orchestra to the audience, this prideful expression of Cliburn's magnetic gifts carries one with him from start to finish. And where there might have been some disagreement with Kondrashin's deliberate tempi in parts of the Tchaikovsky, this Rachmaninoff is steady, straightforward, and thoroughly idiomatic in its appeal.

There may be, from time to time, wrong notes (few come to the ear prominently, in any case) but there are only right feelings, and those are by far the more precious. Remarkably, too, the reproduced piano sound is rich and vibrant, the balance with the orchestra better than it is in some studio-made versions of this work. Stereo, too.

Richard Lewis—"reaches his peak."

Lewis on Handel

HANDEL: *"Sound an alarm" ("Judas Maccabaeus"), "While Kedron's brook" ("Joshua"), "Waft her, angels" ("Jephtha"), "Would you gain the tender creature" ("Acis and Galatea"), "For ever blessed" ("Jephtha"), "War, he sung, is toil and trouble" ("Alexander's Feast"), "Total eclipse!" ("Samson"), "Where'er you walk" ("Semele"), "How vain is man" ("Judas Maccabaeus"). Richard Lewis, tenor, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* Capitol SG 7170, $5.98.

AS NO ONE HAS shown an inclination to grant us such a major favor as a Handel disc by John McCormack, we are ready prey for this far from minor favor in which Lewis demonstrates why he is considered the best English tenor of the day. Actually, his merits of enunciation, line and vocal freshness, continue a particular tradition of the singing generically called "English." Though Manchester-born, he is Welsh by heritage, and thus shares the singing impulse native to that people.

However, as is well known, tenor arias in Handel range through a gamut from the militant to the beguiling, and the texture and color of the Lewis voice are more suitable for such matters as "Sound an alarm" and "War, he sung, is toil and trouble" than for the gentler "Waft her, angels" and "Would you gain the tender creature." In the latter he is likely to substitute a falsetto top tone for the well-spun *piano* that is desired. Fortunately, Lewis reaches his peak in a happy blend of both elements in "Where'er you walk," which is strongly yet sensitively formed, and with a continuity of line that is altogether manly.

Some words of praise are in order for the fine spirit of the orchestral performances by Sir Malcolm Sargent, and the bright, yet integrated sound contrived of the two elements. Here is an almost ideal "picture" of how a solo voice and orchestra should be exposed: a central but no means dominating place for the singer, with a curtain of instrumental sound surrounding but not obscuring him.

Two Sides of George

GERSHWIN: *"Rhapsody in Blue," "That Certain Feeling";* KERN: *"Left All Alone Again Blues";* COSLOW: *"Grieving for You";* ROTH: *"I'm a Lonesome Little Raindrop";* SILVERS: *"Just Snap Your Fingers at Care";* GERSHWIN: *"Strike Up the Band Rehearsal," and "I Got Rhythm." George Gershwin, piano, with Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough.* 20th Fox 3013, $3.98.

THIS IS NOT THE only version preserved for posterity of the composer performing the first of his concert-hall compositions, but it is the only one to date not marred by the limitations of early electric recording. On the other hand, as a derivative from a Duo Art piano roll, it bears the earmarks of that mechanical medium—metric rigidity, dynamic pallor, and the chug-chug emphasis familiar to those who grew up with it. What can be learned from Gershwin's own view of his enduringly popular work from this source is a certain casualness, a lack of the pomposity and *expressivo* emphasis frequently imparted to it today. Whether he would play it in his 1925 manner three-and-a-half decades later is another matter.

The second side offers some tantalizing glimpses of another aspect of Gershwin: the facile master of the then-current mood of playing pop and show tunes. It has little relationship to jazz as we know it, save the element of variation—most often in elaboration and figuration of the melody and its "changes" (enriched by whatever harmonic culture the player possessed), rather than the kind of free improvisation practised by later jazzmen. Here again the piano-roll source puts the volatile Gershwin into a kind of rhythmic straitjacket, but there is winning nostalgia in his performances of "That Certain Feeling," the engaging "Left All Alone Again Blues" of Kern, and three pop

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tunes he "cut" in his days of high demand as a piano-roll performer. My favorite is "I'm a Lonesome Little Raindrop" into which he interpolates, according to the fashion of the moment, some strains of "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" . . . incidentally reminding us what a good composer Chopin was.

The most acute commentary on the degree of fidelity to Gershwin's original performances is contained on the final tracks of Side II, derived from filmed sources. These have their deficiencies in sound, but the vitality and racy pace at which Gershwin takes "Strike Up the Band" in a rehearsal for benefit of the Fox Movietone Cameras, or the variations on "I Got Rhythm" from the same film library, give us the true pulse of his live pianistic personality.

Callas as "Lady"

VERDI: *"Vieni! t'affretta," "La luce langue," "Una macchia è qui tuttora!," ("Macbeth"), "Anch'io dischiuso un giorno" ("Nabucco"), "Ernani! Ernani, involami," ("Ernani"), "Tu che le vanità" ("Don Carlo"). Maria Callas, soprano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Nicola Rescigno.* Angel 35763, $4.98.

WHAT NEW YORK MISSED by not hearing Maria Callas in "Macbeth" last winter is graphically revealed by this welcome disc putting the talents of our most controversial vocal personality at the disposal of such Verdian heroines as Elvira, Elisabetta di Valois, and

(*Continued on page* 45)

Preview of Prokofiev

SO MANY POORER operas than Prokofiev's "L'Ange de Feu" have been produced since he finished a five-year absorption with it in 1926 that one can only wonder why its current performances at Spoleto are regarded as something of a novelty. Indeed, the most recent edition of "Grove's Dictionary" offers no date or place of a performance as of 1954, a circumstance that hardly seems possible in light of the quality revealed by the current recording directed by Charles Bruck, with the Paris Opera orchestra and an able cast of singers headed by Jane Rhodes (Westminster OPW 1304, $14.95).

To be sure, if one judged the score only by its early phases, it would be easy to mark it down as dated: dated by what seems an inexplicable obsession with the "Pelléas"—more accurately, the Mélisande—idiom of Debussy, though Prokofiev had long since mastered the characteristic speech of "The Love for Three Oranges," "Pas d'Acier" and the "Scythian" suite when he took up the text based on Russian novel by Brussov.

Once he is absorbed with the subject matter, however, Prokofiev finds more and more of a distinctive musical character for it, which—in a grateful reversal of some other well-known instances—continues to build and intensify through the final scene and climax. This is nothing less than a ceremonial in the crypt of a convent in which the heroine, Renata, who has been pursuing her "Flaming Angel" in human as well as supernatural form, wants to make her peace with God as a novice, but is instead judged guilty of carnal relations with the Devil, and doomed by the Inquisitor to the stake, as bewitched nuns chant in terror and the Forces of Evil cause them to glorify them rather than Him. This has a kind of Moussorgskian frenzy about it that is aurally gripping, and could be visually spectacular.

If this climax suggests that the preceding episodes are "unusual," the hint is but a mild one. Renata is depicted, at the beginning, as a young, pretty woman of sixteenth-century Germany infatuated with her "Flaming Angel," whom she believes she has known in human form as Count Henri. After an idyllic year or so, he disappeared, leaving her haunted by spectres, searching after him. A chance meeting with the easy-going Ruprecht, makes him think she can be an easy conquest, but, instead, he is deluded into an obsessive love for her, as she enlists him in her search of Henri. After many adventures, they find him in Cologne, and in a fit of bewitchment, Renata forces Ruprecht to fight a duel with Henri, in which he is seriously wounded.

It may be that the five acts and seven scenes have discouraged attention by stage producers to "The Flaming Angel," but even the complex "story" makes for a kind of mystical hypnosis through Prokofiev's highly charged and atmospherically sustained writing. It is to the credit of Miss Rhodes that she makes a real character of the fantastically "invaded" character of Renata, and survives the vocal agitation that goes with her, also the uncomfortable tessitura. There are moments, especially in the convent scene, when the real quality of the voice may be perceived as almost beautiful, promising superior results in a more conventional part.

The other vocal duties are, prevailingly, well served by Xavier Depraz as Ruprecht, Irma Kolassi in the two vastly different roles of A Sorceress and the Mother Superior of the final convent scene, Jean Giraudeau as a high-spirited Mephistopheles, and André Vessières, who doubles as Faust and the Inquisitor. Bruck has done his directorial work well. The recorded quality matches all reasonable expectations.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Jane Rhodes in "Flaming Angel"—"promising superior results."

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Antheil: Symphony No. 4. Ginastera: "Estancia." Sir Eugene Goossens directing the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest LFBR 6013, $4.98.	The energy and clear melodic purpose of the Antheil score promises much until preliminaries are disposed of and the fact clearly emerges that he is not merely guided by the star of Shostakovitch but revolving in his orbit. A product of 1945, it has a good deal of reference to historical happenings of the time, though not to the end of a better musical product. Ginastera's lively score is also more derivative than one would prefer, minimizing the value of the first-class effort put forth by Goossens.
Beethoven: Concerto. Henryk Szerying, violin, with the orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire directed by J. Thibaud. Odeon XOC 111, $5.95.	Here is a performance almost more interesting for the violinist who doesn't play than for the one who does. That, of course, would be the late Thibaud, who directs the orchestra on Szerying's behalf, and evokes some remarkably expressive sounds, especially in the larghetto. However Szerying was not yet ready to give an equal measure of response in the solo part (the disc must predate 1953, when Thibaud lost his life in an air crash), performing with strength and accuracy, but too little intensity. The recording is of the closed-in, studio type favored in France.
Falla: Tricorne. Jesus Arambarri conducting the Concert Orchestra of Madrid with Celia Lange, soprano, Columbia ML 5336, $4.98.	There is much to praise, little to condemn in this undertaking, in which Arambarri directs the full score with enthusiasm and understanding. Deleting the words "full score," even more could be said about the earlier effort of the late Argenta, who restricts himself to a suite. For the most of the score, Arambarri can be recommended: for the most of Falla, Argenta is indispensable. Sharp, well-modulated sound in any case.
Giannini: "Taming of the Shrew." Puccini: "Tabarro." Domenico Savino conducting a Rome orchestra. Kapp 9026, $3.98.	There is an unmistakable interest in the first portions of Giannini's score to be reproduced phonographically, though deletion of the voices puts a heavy burden on his orchestral invention. This tends to make the music sound rather undefined, lacking in individuality or distinctive style, for all that it is well-written. The use of a smallish orchestra, with a limited string body, is no help. Withal, the excerpts from "Tabarro," subject to the same conditions, sound a good deal more like music.
Haydn: Sinfonia Concertante, opus 84. Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante, K. 297b. Eugene Ormandy, with members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6061, $5.98.	To describe this as a completely happy combination of elements refers not only to the back-to-back presentation of two works mutually related but nevertheless unique, but also to the participation of the first-desk Philadelphia personnel. For my taste, the results are superior in the Haydn, especially for the tasteful violin playing of Jacob Krachmalnick in the mock "serioso" recitative of the finale. Lorne Munroe, cello, John de Lancie, oboe, and Bernard Garfield are his able associates. Mason Jones is outstanding in the French horn complexities of the Mozart, though the total treatment is sandpapered and polished to a slickness that masks the true texture of the writing.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 5 ("Reformation"), "Midsummer Night's Dream" excerpts. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90174, $5.95.	A superior demonstration of the progress Paray has made in converting the varied orchestral elements he inherited in Detroit into a cohesive ensemble, this disc also marks him as a consequential representative for the music of his choice. In the symphony as well as the overture, scherzo, nocturne, and wedding march of the incidental music, his objectives are consistently sophisticated and musically demanding, brought off with a meticulous insistence on nuance and detail. Now and then the stress falls more heavily on execution than interpretation, especially the striving for a low dynamic level that loses presence in the stereo.
Prokofiev: Sinfonia Concertante. M. Rostropovich, cello, with the Royal Philharmonic conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Capitol SG 7121, $5.98.	It would be easy to say of this work (a rewrite of a work earlier published as opus 58) that Prokofiev did not give the best of himself to the 'cello. But how many composers did? Certainly there is a good deal of characteristic Prokofiev in the meditation and melody of the first and last movements, if less in the section between. The admirable style and rich sound provided by Rostropovich are all to its advantage, likewise the strong support of Sargent.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 7, "Overture Russe." Jean Martinon conducting the orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire. RCA Victor LSC 2288, $5.98.	Opportunity for rehearing enforces the view that, for much of its length, this symphony deserves inclusion among the best of Prokofiev's work, early or late. This would exclude the rather equivocal finale, which settles for a kind of imitation Shostakovich "ride out," rather than a true solution of the symphonic problem. However each of the preceding sections has a melodic thesis admirably realized in the flowing, closely controlled direction of Martinon. He also provides the animation wanted for the capricious overture of 1936. Fine sounding stereo.
Prokofiev: Suite of Waltzes. Gypsy Fantasy ("Stone Flower"). Hans Schwieger conducting the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Urania USD 1030, $5.95.	The Kansas City Symphony and its conductor make a disc debut in a first recording of the waltz suite (opus 110), blending elements of "Cinderella" with others of earlier date in a diverting sequence. It will not change any opinions about Prokofiev, but may add to the respect for the up and coming Midwestern orchestra. The "Gypsy Fantasy" makes an agreeable encore to the preceding, assuming one doesn't mind the café overtones. Urania has given all the orchestral elements equal value in its well-miked stereo.
Rossini-Respighi: "Boutique Fantasque," Ibert: "Divertissement." Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2084, $5.98.	RCA's engineers pass, handily, the civil-service test for stereo posed by Respighi's volatile transcription of Rossini's lively inventions. The veil of resonance that trails the sound has been discreetly manipulated to give an adequate backdrop that does not throttle detail. Fiedler and his symphonists take a lively interest in both scores, the Ibert in particular cracking wise, musically, without wearing out its welcome.
Schubert: Symphony No. 7 in C. René Leibowitz conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WST 14051, $5.98.	On the whole Leibowitz's feeling for this music is both sympathetic and communicative, but he has an inclination, every so often, to non-conformist tempi which distort and disturb the flow of thought. Such, for example, as the racing pace for the second subject of movement I, or the finale. If he is right, everyone else is wrong: a revelation I find hard to accept. The good sound of the Viennese orchestra suggests that they might, left on their own (à la the Viennese Octet) produce a happier result than in this unwanted kind of individualized impulse. Stereo.
Weber: Overtures to "Der Freischütz," "Preciosa," "The Ruler of the Spirits," "Oberon," "Euryanthe," and "Abu Hassan." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6074, $4.98.	Contrary to prevailing practice among his contemporaries, Ansermet utilizes his fine orchestra to show what wonderful music Weber wrote in these overtures, rather than using the wonderful music to show what a fine orchestra he commands. The distinction may seem a narrow one, but it is clearly embodied in the lovely sound the solo horn imparts to the magical passages of "Der Freischütz" or "Oberon," which are statements in sound of coherent meaning rather than merely difficult notes well played. The aim is equally high throughout, the markmanship a little less acute in "Euryanthe" than elsewhere. Superior stereo. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Music in Yugoslavia

BELGRADE.

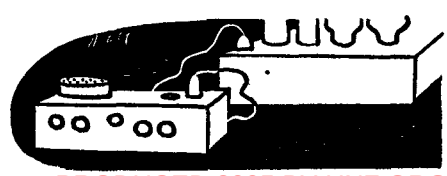
RICHARD STRAUSS borrowed Yugoslav folksongs for "Aber der Richtige" and "Und du wirst mein Gebieter sein" in his opera "Arabella." Yugoslav musical folklore is beautiful and alive and full of tradition. Macedonian songs and dances, Bosnian folk songs, Serbian and Croatian and Dalmatian melodies have definite rhythmical and tonal characteristics and have been used in modern dance music. Yugoslav folk dance companies ("Kolo" from Belgrade and "Tanec" from Skoplje) have given successful appearances all over Europe. Yugoslav folklore music has found expression in the serious music of Yugoslav composers.

Serious music—instrumental, orchestral and operatic music—in Yugoslavia has not the rich traditions of some of its neighbors (Austria, Italy, Hungary). In the western parts of the country, in Slovenia and Croatia, the 500-year-long Hapsburg domination has created a certain understanding for good music, but there is less in Serbia and practically none at all in the eastern regions of Macedonia, Bosnia, and Montenegro, which were under Turkish domination, no music lovers. The oldest opera companies were in Ljubljana and Zagreb (once called Laibach and Agram) where the Austrian bureaucrats formed the core of local opera enthusiasts. Today the Belgrade Opera is the best in the country and there are smaller companies in Skoplje, Sarajevo, Osijek, Split, and Rijeka. The largest opera house, with 1,400 seats, is in Rijeka, the former Fiume, almost twice the size of Belgrade, which has only 800 seats. (Belgrade plays opera four times a week and performs dramatic shows on the other days, and there is a successful ballet company. Only the Ljubljana house performs opera exclusively.) The Belgrade National Theatre was built when Belgrade was a small provincial town and is not adequate for a city of 600,000 people, but plans for a new opera house are drawn up and most of the money is available.

Music is not terribly important in Yugoslavia, and never a topic of conversation in Belgrade (as, for instance, in Vienna or Milan). Most people in Belgrade make up their mind to hear an opera an hour before it starts. In Ljubljana and Zagreb many performances are subscribed for and sold out, but in Belgrade they go to the theatre at the spur of the moment, instead of going to a movie, a soccer game, or to the coffee house. You can always get a ticket at the box office an hour before the performance starts, but the management is never sure whether the house is going to be sold out. Actually, it is often sold out. The staging is often old-fashioned and some sets look even older than the oldest sets at the Met, which seems hard to believe. I remember a "Don Giovanni" performance a few years ago that was brightened up by a guest appearance of George London as the Don and by an abundance of bizarre touches. While London sang "Finch' han dal vino," several servants stood behind him, holding roast chickens and cups filled with wine. Donna Elvira appeared with several servants and a heap of modern luggage. After her near-seduction Zerlina was comforted by papa, mama, and other members of her family, who told her to sit down on a chair. But things have changed in Belgrade and Dr. Oskar Danon, the energetic artistic director of the Opera, insists that the singers don't just stand around and sing but act convincingly.

The orchestra has good strings and woodwinds but could do with a couple of first-rate trumpeters. The chorus is good though not always very exact. There are good voices: the sopranos Zlata Sesardic and Radmila Bakocevic, the mezzos Melanija Bugarinovic and Milica Milandinovic, the tenors Marinkovic and Starc, the baritones Popovic and Jankovic, the bassos Cangalovic and Cvejic. (The trouble as elsewhere is that successful Yugoslav singers often leave for greener pastures; Jurinac, Milinkovic, Radev, Dermota, Neralic, Gostic now sing mostly elsewhere.) Beside Danon, Kresimir Baranovic, Bogdan Babic and Dusan Miladinovic conduct; Gavella, Sabljic and Kulundzic are the producers.

Verdi is the most popular composer (as elsewhere) with six operas in the repertory, followed by Puccini with four, Mozart and Massenet with three, Donizetti and Tchaikovsky with two. There are no Wagnerians in Belgrade; they only play the "Hollaender." The Slav repertory is heavy ("Onegin," "Pique Dame," "Bartered Bride," "Prince Igor," "Boris Godunov," "Khovanchina," "Rusalka," Janáček's "Katja Kabanova," Glinka's "Ivan Susanjin," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snegurochka") but there is a public for Menotti ("The Consul"), Prokofiev, and Honegger. The most popular Yugoslav works are Gotovac's "Ero," Konjovic's "Koschtana," Rajicic's "Simonida." Salaries are small; the top singers get two hundred dollars a month.



There are good Philharmonic Orchestras in Belgrade, Zagreb, and Ljubljana, which are "socially" managed, to be sure. All decisions are made by a management committee of nine members under a director. The Yugoslavs love government by committee; each orchestra also elects a professional committee of four members, plus director, conductor and concertmaster. ("The professional committee is purely an advisory body. . . .") The deficit is made up by the community (city). The price for a ticket is only twice as much as a ticket to the cinema; the community makes up the rest.

"Yugoslav orchestras work without a break at rehearsals, which may last for four hours," says an official pamphlet. Good for them! The best paid members of the orchestra are first violinists and first wind instrument players. Apart from their basic salaries, artists have an "artists' allowance" granted to "worthy" musicians at the proposal of committee and director. All players are socially insured, get pensions at the age of fifty-five, have six-week paid holiday each year. It is interesting that wind players will probably qualify for pensions earlier than string players. (A new regulation is now in the works.) There is a shortage of orchestra players in this blessed country, and each player has "at least" two jobs.

The Slovenian Philharmonic Orchestra in Ljubljana exists since 1702. Beethoven was among the honorary members. The Zagreb Philharmonic was founded in 1919 and the Belgrade Philharmonic four years later. During the last war it didn't perform. The chief conductor is Kresimir Baranovic. It is a good orchestra with beautiful tone and considerable precision. The various cycles of concerts (one of twelve concerts) are always sold out. Yugoslav audiences are demanding and Yugoslav critics are tough. There is hope that serious music will soon be as popular at last in Yugoslavia as its musical folklore.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, K.P.E.: *Sonatas in F minor, A minor, A major and D major.* Nina Milkina, piano. Westminster XWN 18853, $4.98.	For all his reputation as a strong link in the chain of musical progress during the eighteenth century, too few characteristic examples of Karl Philipp have been available for an individual listener to form conclusions on his own. This disc is distinctly an exception, for repeatedly one hears ideas that seem to spring from a common "Bach" source treated in a manner that the Cantor would hardly have recognized. And for those who have never satisfied themselves what the "galant" style might be, the F minor (1763) would seem to me a choice example. There tends to be a monotony of effect in the many movements that follow, but this is inherent in the writing, for Milkina's decidedly discriminating manner renews admiration previously expressed (*SR* July 26) for her abilities. Her command of nuance and dynamic variety is also much above the common.
Brahms: Songs Op. 94, 105, and 106. Heinz Rehfuss, bass, with Erik Werba, piano. Westminster XWN 18846, $4.98.	Whether this omnibus approach is worth while or rewarding in content which does not have any internal connection is questionable. The songs are variable in quality and range from excellent ones such as the "Sapphische Ode" and "Wie Melodien zieht es mir," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," and "Auf dem Kirchhofe" to others of much less interest. Rehfuss is never less than intelligent in his comprehension of textual and musical detail, and he rises to the challenge of the best known material with heart and mind. However his dry sound and rather monotonous pattern of dynamics tend to become wearisome, especially when the quality of the material lags. Good balance with the piano.
Denza: "Funiculi' Funicula'," Fusco: "Dicitencello Vuie," Di Capua: "Maria Mari'," De Curtis: "Voce 'e Notte," "Canta pe' Me," seven other Italian songs. Mario Lanza, tenor, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Franco Ferrara. RCA Victor LM 2331, $4.98.	Were this the product of an unknown Italian tenor, one might ask why he is wasting his time with this "mandolin" literature rather than singing opera. As it is, Lanza does about as well with it as could be expected from any Italian tenor of the day, conveying what sounds to be a substantial amount of genuine emotion without tearing the passions into any smaller shreds than the creators prescribed. It is also noticeable that the voice is now considerably darker and thicker than it was originally, which is in the nature of things: but it seems to be contracting in range, also, with a pronounced strain for the top tones. They ring out, but not without pushing.
Debussy: Preludes, Book I. William Harms, piano. Boston BST 1010, $5.95.	In the quieter, more reflective preludes, Harms shows a warm strain of sensitivity, a sense of restraint and composure which, when added to his excellent piano sound, give Debussy much of what he asks. In the faster, more fanciful (such as "Voiles," "Danse de Puck" and "Minstrels") Harms tends to be rather precise and literal, at a cost to illusion and atmosphere. The stereo recording of the piano—solid, finely balanced, and faithful through the range—is worthy of special mention.
Gounod: "Salut! Demeure" ("Faust"), Delibes: "Prendre le dessin d'un bijou," "Lakmé! Ah! Viens, dans la forêt profonde" ("Lakmé"), Bizet: "C'est toi, toi qu'enfin je revois," "Je crois encore" ("Pêcheurs de perles"), Massenet: "O nature" (Werther"), etc. Henri Legay, tenor, with Michel Dens, baritone, and the orchestra of the Paris Opéra conducted by Pierre Dervaux and André Cluytens. Angel 35673, $4.98.	All the material is at least charming, some of it tinged with the indefinable essence of French musical composition, especially in those works of Bizet, Massenet and Lalo which have not become hackneyed by repetition. Legay is also a cultivated and intelligent singer, rather more of a musician than is customary in the tenor world. However he typifies too many of his French contemporaries in struggling with a vocal sound of limited tonal appeal, and though he can manage the top tones in the original keys wherever required, it is most often only with a wide-open sound, or a crooning one. Dervaux does his work well, as does Cluytens in the one track ("Pêcheurs de perles") with which he is associated.
Paganini: Caprices. Michael Rabin, violin. Capitol SPBR 8477, $11.96.	There is a good deal of brilliant violin playing in this survey and more than a little spirited interpretation, if sometimes more of a sense of strain and effort than should go into the accomplishment of a technical tour de force. Generically, Rabin is at his best in those caprices in which the line is sustained in single notes, or in rapid passage playing across strings, less so when he is dealing with double and triple stops, as in Nos. VIII and XII. For whatever reason, the group between Nos. VIII and XIII are less well played than the others (No. XI is solidly accomplished), with the closing series, and especially the intricate variations of No. 24—the prototype for the Paganini variations of Brahms and Rachmaninoff—outstanding. Throughout the emphasis tends to be on the violinistic gambits rather than the musical moves to which they lead.
Puccini: Duet, act I ("Madama Butterfly"), Mozart: "Marten aller Arten" ("Entführung"), "Deh vieni, non tardar" ("Nozze di Figaro"), Strauss: "Salome" (Final scene). Maria Cebotari, soprano, with Walter Ludwig, tenor, and orchestra conducted by Arthur Rother. Urania UR 7036, $3.98.	Devotees of the soprano who died just ten years ago in June 1949 will welcome the reappearance of this disc, which has been out of circulation for some time. Only the "Butterfly" excerpt represents Cebotari at her best, and a lovely experience it is, but the others have substantial interests of one kind or another. No dates are given for time of recording, though aural evidence suggests that the Strauss excerpt and the "Marten aller Arten" are considerably earlier in date than the others, when the voice was lighter, brighter and not really suited to either. These, likewise, are not so well reproduced as the "Figaro"-"Butterfly" side.
Respighi: Antiche Arie e Danze (Suite 1), Vivaldi: Concerto in D major ("Accademico Formato"), Albinoni-Giazotto: Concerto No. 5 in C, Bassani-Malipiero: "Canzoni Amorose." Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano, director. Angel 45028, $3.98.	Fasano's fine group is, if anything, even more sophisticated and suave-sounding in these performances than is their custom, and that is rarefied praise. Respighi's revival of the old airs and dances for lute are too well-known for detailed comment as is the Albinoni concerto for two solo oboes, while the Vivaldi (which adds oboe to the solo violin and cello) is of wholly characteristic quality. However the "find" of this particular disc is the charming "Canzoni Amorose" of Bassani (a contemporary of Corelli) which may or may not owe its deft and delicate contrapuntal inner line to Malipiero's arrangement, but which, in totality, has qualities akin to a fine slow movement of Haydn. Delightful string sound throughout.
Rossini: "La Regata Veneziana," Gluck: "O del mio dolce ardor," Vivaldi: "Un certo non so che," Stradella: "Per pietà," Bizet: "Adieux de l'hotesse arabe," Liszt: "Oh! quand je dors," Ravel: "Kaddisch," "Nicolette," Poulenc: "Violon," Berlioz: "L'Absence." Jennie Tourel, mezzo soprano, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Decca DL 710013, $5.98.	For a combination of rarity and quality, Miss Tourel's collection could hardly be surpassed, whether expressed through material in French and Italian, or other languages. The Rossini songs are delightful, the Gluck a gem, likewise the Bizet. And it may be said if one knows and likes any among them, the affection is likely to extend to all the others, for they have that uniformity of appeal. Unfortunately, they have the uniformity of Miss Tourel's uncertain vocalization also, with too many tones muffled, slightly off the pitch or otherwise incompletely projected. Often the result is absorbing in spite of this but listening pleasure is repeatedly compromised. Paul Ulanowsky's accompaniments are typical of his fine artistry. —I. K.

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 41

Abigaille, as well as the one to whom its creator always referred as "Lady." As the tabulation of contents suggests, the side devoted to "Macbeth" excerpts takes her from Lady Macbeth's first appearance through the "Sleep-walking" scene, and thus provides a musical perspective of the character.

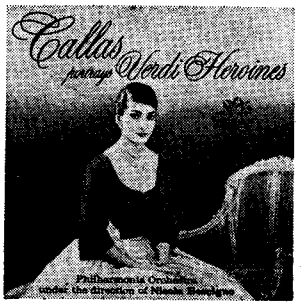
Thanks to the formidable abilities of Miss Callas to make her voice the vehicle of meaning as well as sound, it also provides a perspective of the character, dramatically, even without the values she would impart to it through facial play and gesture. There can be little question of the determination that pervades her invocation to the "ministri infernali" or that it is truly a "freddo core" which pumps the blood of ambition and hatred through her veins. For when Verdi says "grandioso," it is with a full and sweeping curve of voice that Callas provides him with what his music demands. Mere fulfillment of the literal requirements is only the beginning of recreation, but there are few such points of reference to which Callas is not responsive.

There are passages in the cabaletta of "La luce langue" and the "Sleep-walking" scene in which the voice is hard driven and the top tones come with difficulty, but the peculiar combination of despair and *dolore* that pervades this music is present in every phrase and accent. Persons who follow this music with an eye on the score will note that early in "La luce langue," on the words "per gli'ampi cieli," Miss Callas sings the notes G-D sharp-E-F sharp, rather than the printed G-E-F sharp-F sharp. Without knowing the tradition of this phrase, there is little doubt that her version is more in the mood of the previous measures, the textual version a misprint.

Side II, if not as much a totality as the "Macbeth" excerpts, is almost equally absorbing. The beautiful excerpt from "Nabucco" shows Verdi at his most Donizettian (allowing Miss Callas to invoke her "Lucia" manner most affectingly), while her "Ernani, involami" is actually sung in the beseeching manner suggested by the text, rather than as the command it is sometimes made to be. For my taste, her special qualities are least relevant to "Tu che le vanità" lacking the brightness and femininity I associate with this music. Rescigno is a faithful intermediary between singer and orchestra throughout, the ear appeal of it all enhanced by Angel's clarifying stereo.

FOR JULY: IN STEREO ON

ANGEL



CALLAS

La Divina's first recording since her U.S. tour—and it includes that spine-chilling letter-reading scene from MACBETH (Act I) which had her tour audiences and critics *cheering!* Plus the compelling Callas portrayals of other Verdi heroines from ERNANI (Elvira), DON CARLO (Elisabetta de Valois), and NABUCCO (Abigaille). A *must* for Callas fans, Verdi fans, for everybody who likes opera with the drama it *can* have—when CALLAS sings. Nicola Rescigno conducts the Philharmonia. Angel Stereo S 35763

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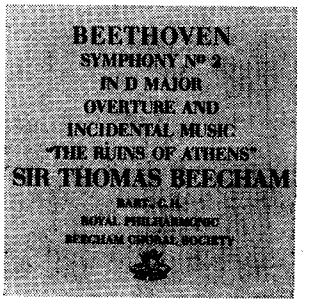
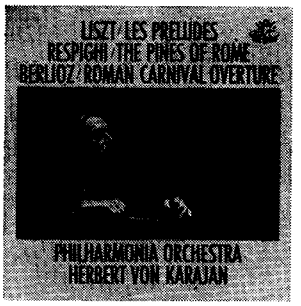
"Almost anything Sir Thomas Beecham turns his hand to emerges the richer for his touch" (*High Fidelity*). In this, his *only* Beethoven *stereo* recording on Angel, the redoubtable Sir Thomas pairs the sparkling Second Symphony with the infrequently-heard Overture and Incidental Music from "Ruins of Athens," Op. 113. The "Ruins of Athens" choral passages are sung in English. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra with the Beecham Choral Society. Angel Stereo S 35509





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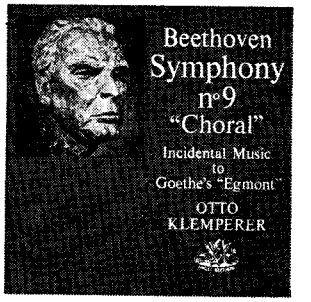

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THE OTHER SIDE

Music for Hall and Home

LONDON.

AS IS usual at this time of year, the peaceful invasion of Europe by a formidable artistic contingent from across the Atlantic is now in full swing. Tenor fanciers have been able to compare two of the world's finest, Jan Peerce and Jussi Björling, both of whom were in splendid form for their recent concert appearances and made one long to hear them in the opera house—a wish which, in Björling's case, may be granted during the coming season if present rumors can be trusted. Sad to say, twenty years have elapsed since the Swede last sang at Covent Garden, while Peerce has never yet set foot on the stage of the Royal Opera House. Just arrived, too, for her first public appearance in London is Eileen Farrell.

If singers are apt to attract headline treatment more readily than other performers and often seem to draw strength from notoriety, two young pianists now among us have been burdened with excessive publicity of the wrong sort. When Van Cliburn appeared in this country last year, he created a most favorable impression against all the odds. Glenn Gould, who has just completed his first series of concerts in London, had to contend with a somewhat different handicap—that of having been labeled an "eccentric." No doubt many who came to hear him, did so in order to be amused by his unusual mannerisms. But it was not long before matter had ousted manner and amusement had given way to respectful admiration for the young Canadian's sensitive musicianship and his undoubted artistic integrity.

ANOTHER welcome visitor these days is Pittsburgh's William Steinberg, who has been prominently associated with the London Philharmonic during the present season. This past week he gave us not only a most enjoyable Johann Strauss evening, including most of "Die Fledermaus" (Sadler's Wells's lavish production of which—employing two complete casts performing on alternate nights—is currently filling the huge Coliseum Theatre), and then directed a memorable concert of music entirely drawn from the present decade. The latter featured the first performances in this country of Hindemith's Pittsburgh Symphony and Stravinsky's Threni, as well as the world première of Improvisations for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra by Matyas Seiber and Johnny Dankworth—which proved to be a serious and far from fruitless attempt to forge a genuine link between two musical worlds, in contrast to the glib platitudes of Liebermann's Concerto for the same combination, which concluded an otherwise highly stimulating evening.

Current Decca releases feature the first disc Karajan has ever made for this company: a stunning recording of Strauss's "Also sprach Zarathustra." The performance by the Vienna Philharmonic is nothing if not exciting, with Karajan squeezing the last drop of "effectiveness" out of this uneven score.

THE stereo version of the Tebaldi/del Monaco "Trovatore" does nothing to modify my original disappointment with a strangely tepid performance of so exciting a score; Erede is, of course, mainly to blame for the general lack of fire, though Savarese's di Luna cannot be regarded as anything but second-rate and Azucena is hardly among Simionato's better parts. To make up for this comparative failure, Decca's June list contains a recital of Rossini arias, sung by the young Spanish mezzo Teresa Berganza, that is absolutely exhilarating. Collectors of Zarzuelas may recall that, as Maria-Teresa Berganza, this singer participated in a number of recordings issued a few years back by Decca-International, while her charming and mischievous portrayal of Cherubino captivated Glyndebourne audiences last summer (this year she will be seen in the same part and also sing the lead in the revival of "La Cenerentola").

Her first solo disc reveals a voice both warm and brilliant, an enviable coloratura technique, fine musicianship, and a sparkling personality. Since Berganza is still in her early twenties, it is hardly surprising that she should betray occasional signs of immaturity in so testing a program, comprising as it does arias from "Il Barbiere," "L'Italiana," "Semiramide," "La Cenerentola," and the Stabat Mater. For the most part, however, her accomplishment quite belies her age, and she receives admirable support from the London Symphony under Alexander Gibson, while the stereo recording is right out of Decca's top-drawer.

Other contributions from Decca include a disc of "highlights" from the 1954 Vienna set of "Cosi fan tutte," a performance directed by Böhm that never attracted me greatly, and a good account of Smetana's "Ma Vlast" by the Vienna Philharmonic under Kubelik, while stereo-minded balletomanes will doubtlessly welcome an excellent, if somewhat abridged "Giselle" directed by Martinon. On the RCA label we have an exciting, if insufficiently "mellow" performance of Brahms's D minor Concerto in which Gary Graffman is the soloist with the Boston Symphony under Munch, as well as another enjoyable ballet coupling—Walton's "Façade" Suites and Lecoq's "Mam'zelle Angot," in which the Covent Garden Orchestra is directed by Fistoulari. Still to come is Oiseau-Lyre's contribution to the Purcell tercentenary, the complete music for Dryden's "King Arthur," performed in mono and stereo under the direction of Professor Anthony Lewis.

EMI stereo continues to lag some way behind the group's mono program, with small releases made up of performances already familiar to us. For June there are three major sets: the Glyndebourne "Nozze di Figaro" (Jurinac/Sciutti/Bruscantini/Gui), the Klemperer-directed Beethoven Ninth and the Schwarzkopf/Karajan "Rosenkavalier." Mono HMVs just issued include a fine Gigli anthology of the 1930s; Kodaly's none-too-short Missa Brevis in a Hungarian performance conducted by the composer, Silvestri's typically brilliant yet, at times, unbearably wayward account—with the Paris Conservatoire—of Debussy's Nocturnes and La Mer; a skilled and thoughtful performance of Brahms's F major 'Cello Sonata by Rostropovitch and Dedyukhin; Bach's Third and Sixth Partitas played by Rosalyn Tureck; and a recital of pre-romantic keyboard music—from Lully to Beethoven—by György Cziffra, which is as attractive as it is unexpected.

PARLOPHONE'S Russian series yields a rich harvest this month with a complete Bolshoi performance of "Eugen Onegin" featuring the gifted soprano, Galina Vishnevskaya (in private life the wife of 'cellist Rostropovitch) as Tatiana, Belov in the title-role, Lemeshev as Lensky, and Petrov as Gremin, under the assured direction of Boris Khaikin. In addition there is Schubert's A minor Sonata, D. 845 (formerly known as Op. 42), which receives a transcendental performance at the hands of Sviatoslav Richter.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Mostly Lofty Organ Loft

By DAVID HEBB

IN the midst of all the current hoopla of "stereo" sound, there is a tendency to overlook one essential element, that of fundamental quality. While the sound of a rocket going off in a stereophonic red glare may have its merits as a shocker and as a canapé for cocktail parties, no amount of binauralism is going to make a good performance out of a poor one. It will not improve an artist's technique, it will do nothing for his depth of interpretation, and it can't make the South Lingonberry Symphony sound like the Philharmonic.

This review is concerned with some recent releases in the field of the classic pipe organ. The recordings have been made on a single channel, evidently on the premise that there is enough good, meaty sound here in artistry and quality that no further fillips are needed. In fairness it must be added that some of them sound equally wonderful when played with dual-channel reproduction.

Music played on the organ seems to stand apart from the rest of the field of serious music on one or two points; among them that there are a number of good honest citizens who don't like it, and that it is thought of as being slightly arcane and more appropriate to Sunday mornings than at any other time of the week.

The composers represented, in nonpreferential alphabetical order, are Bach, Buxtehude, Mozart, and Pachelbel. The organists are Danish, French, and American. The American is a splendid musician named Robert Owen, who holds the post of organist at Christ Church, in the New York suburb of Bronxville. Owen, whose work has been discussed in these columns before, has made (so far as we can determine) the first complete recording of the Seven Chorale Partitas of Johann Pachelbel. Originally published in 1683, they are simple tunes of a basically religious nature—hymns, if you will—treated in a secular manner to sets of variations numbering from four to twelve. Among them is the "Passion Chorale," which occurs so often in Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew." If it was indeed Martin Luther who asked, "Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?", the Pachelbel Partitas would have been reason enough for the remark; it's a shame that Martin Luther never heard them in this form.

Owen is an able performer on the harpsichord as well as the organ, and uses the clavier as a contrast from one variation to another. His choice of the sections calling for the more percussive quality of the harpsichord is particularly apt. He is fortunate, too, in having for his instrument such a superb example of American organ building as the Aeolian-Skinner at Bronxville. The voicing is clear and crisp, without a trace of the mushiness that has given the pipe organ a bad name. Technically the recording is first-rate, with an equally good pickup on organ and harpsichord. The two go well together. (Westminster XWN 18829, $4.98).

One of the foremost of living organists is a Dane, Finn Viderø, whose performances of the classic masterpieces of organ literature are themselves masterpieces, both in elegance of technique and intelligence of interpretation. He records on the organs of Scandinavia, which have a snarly quality that is ear-catching and even electrifying at times. On an early record he played the chapel instrument in the castle at Hillerød; he recorded the Bach "Orgelbüchlein" at Sorø, and the most recent release is a group of four Bach works recorded in St. Johannis church at Vejle. All three of these towns are in Denmark, and it is surely true that there is nothing like a Danish name. It takes a Dane—or Danny Kaye—to pronounce them. Anyone who is intending to augment his collection of Bach records would do well to consider Viderø playing the C Minor and C Major Preludes and Fugues, the C Minor Fantasia, and the F Major Toccata and Fugue. The Prelude and Fugue in C Major (BWV 547) is one of the more mature Bach works from his later life at Leipzig, and it is a highlight of this recording. (Vanguard BG 580, $4.98).

An interesting contrast in the playing of Bach is provided by Gaston Litaize, the organist of Notre-Dame de Versailles. The record offers four of the Preludes and Fugues, including the C Minor and the C Major heard on the Viderø record. The others are the big B Minor and the G Major (541). Litaize has a good feeling for rhythm, but the delay he employs at the end of phrases, a sort of rubato, is as unnerving as it is surprising. In the C Major Prelude and Fugue the big reeds are impressive, but somehow un-Bachlike. The technical aspects of the pickup make Notre-Dame de Versailles sound like a huge church, overlaying a roominess on the music that kills clarity and makes the fugue sound muddled. There is even a suspicion of swell-box dynamics, a matter of opening and closing Venetian blinds that sometimes enclose pipe-work. This bit of technique is anathema to performers of the classic school, and they are many, who reason that since the swell-shutters weren't yet invented in Bach's time, it isn't in the best of taste to play his music by controlling the loud-and-soft in this fashion. (Westminster Erato 18810, $4.98).

ANOTHER French recording, and another Westminster, is a performance of the Seventeen Church Sonatas of Mozart. These are short works for organ and small orchestra, intended to be used in the Mass between the Gloria and Credo, a custom long since discontinued. The organist is Christiane de Lisle, the organ is not identified, and the small orchestra is conducted by Jean Witold. As we know the term, these are not sonatas, but pieces of a form that was devised by Mozart to suit the occasion. Unfortunately, there is not much organ to be heard here, a distinct contrast to the recording of the sonatas made by E. Power Biggs in Salzburg Cathedral, with Paumgartner conducting. (Mozart Organ Tour, Columbia K3L-231, $17.94.) In this record, the organ is lost among the instruments of the orchestra, and Miss de Lisle's efforts are in vain. (Westminster Vega XWN 18804, $4.98.)

For a rousing example of how good an organ can sound, Haydn Society introduces a young Danish organist, who is a former pupil of Finn Viderø, in a program of Buxtehude. The interesting characteristics of Buxtehude's work—the tremendous arpeggios up and down the keyboard, the vigorous pedal passages—add to a feeling of robust strength and masculinity.

The artist in this Buxtehude record is Jørgen Ernst Hansen, now in his thirtieth year. The recording was made on the comparatively small instrument (thirty voices) of the Christianborg Castle Chapel in Copenhagen. It is an excellent-sounding organ, built in 1826 and, unlike many another instrument of its vintage, substantially unchanged. On the disc are two Toccatas, four Preludes and Fugues, the Ciacona in E Minor, and the Passacaglia in D Minor. Hansen plays with an enthusiasm and a verve, making this collection of Buxtehude an exciting and memorable experience. (Haydn Society HS 9054, $4.98).

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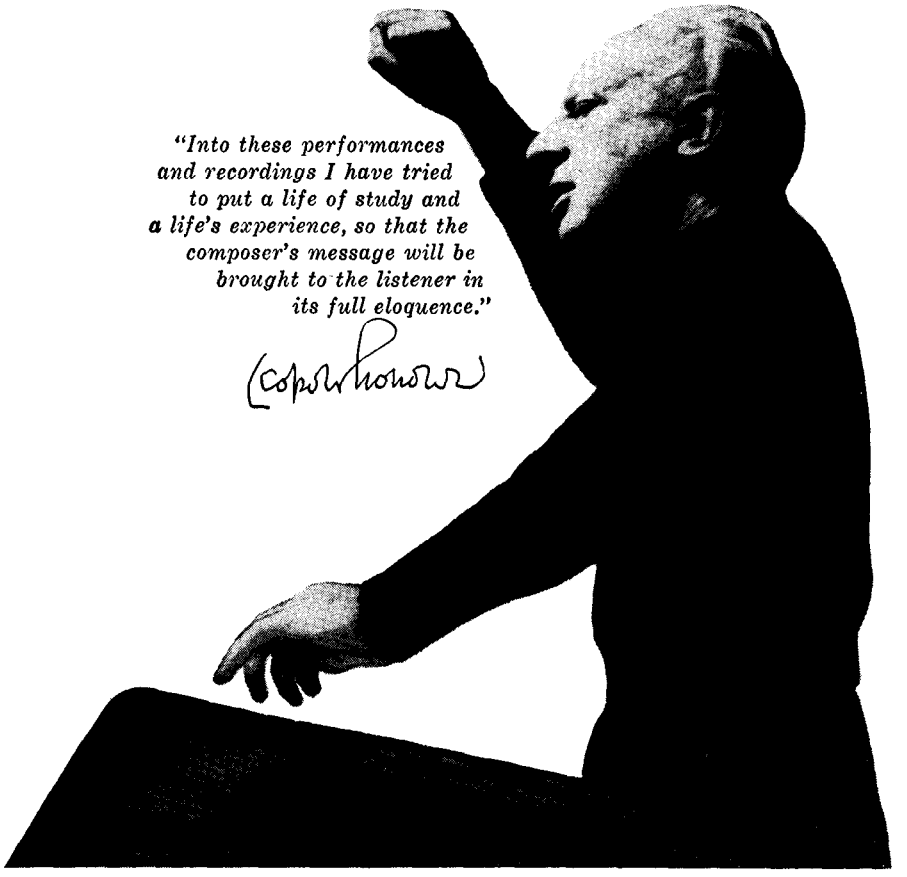

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German Music

Continued from page 38

turns out to be a rather precious affair, pursued with determined concentration. The calculation involved in constructing this music robs it of all spontaneity. Thus, apart from its curiously interesting instrumentation, the work lacks individual interest.

Wolfgang Fortner is one of the older men. Teacher of Henze, as well as of numerous other young composers, he is a potent force in the development of new music in Germany. He was born in 1907, and during the course of his studies became well-grounded in traditional techniques. Although he has turned primarily toward the twelve-tone idiom, he has eagerly used other trends with considerable ease. Even jazz elements pervade his music. His setting of James Weldon Johnson's poetic narrative of the "Creation" is an interesting work. I recall that on hearing it in Paris, it made a better impression on those who did not understand English than on those who did. To an American, Fortner's treatment of the text is as antithetical to it as any that might be imagined. The simple, warm, and genuine tale becomes pontifical and pompously artificial. The concluding *Amen*, stretched out over eighty-four bars, is built on a kind of rhythmical row invented by Philippe de Vitry and with it, "medieval iso-rhythmical treatment and modern technique of composition meet, permeate each other with imaginativeness with regard to colour and sound." Perhaps Fortner will visit America some day and hear a really traditional Negro sermon.

Fortner's Piano Concerto, which he calls instead "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," was completed in 1954. While based on a twelve-tone row, it nevertheless incorporates bits of boogie-woogie and a dash of the Charleston thrown in to add quaint vitality. Another work of American inspiration is the "Red Indian Cantata" by Gunter Bialas, a composer entirely new to me. Although the piece is based on American Indian texts translated into German, Bialas avoids using any actual Indian material and only at times seems to lean on Hollywood movie-score versions of Indian music. No one need be surprised if Bialas never finds his score used as background music for a TV Western.

Another composer previously unknown to me is Harald Genzmer, who writes in the manner of Hindemith, as perhaps befits a former pupil. Born in Bremen in 1909, Genzmer received his early training in Marburg, and at

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nineteen began work with Hindemith. Well-knit, facile and highly competent music is this example of Genzmer's work. Flute players should welcome such a brilliant new addition to their neglected repertoire.

So far I do not recall seeing the name Karl Holler on any American concert programs. Nor have I encountered any substantial "reclame" about him in European periodicals. However, Holler might be a valuable asset to non-adventurous conductors who want something new that will not shatter the nerves of their subscribers. Holler, while essentially conservative, is soundly musical, attractive and satisfying in his own musical vein. Two of his works are indeed impressive, particularly his "Sweelinck" Variations and to a lesser degree his Fantasia based on a theme of Frescobaldi. The Variations are based on an old Netherlands folk tune, which was used by Jan Sweelinck (1562-1621) for an impressive set of organ variations. Holler uses the name Sweelinck in the title of his variations to indicate his indebtedness to the old Dutch master.

The spirit of Max Reger tends to hover about the work as prominently as that of Sweelinck. Comparing these Variations to those of Reger, we can be grateful that Holler is not as prolix. Ranging from fulsome to lucid, from opaque sonority to transparent delicacy, Holler spins out his works with a sure diatonic-chromatic hand. While his writing is not exactly new, he manages to say again what was important enough to have been said before. And he does it well.

Ernst Pepping is proclaimed "one of the most original personalities of contemporary music." That of course depends on which paper you read. I find him entirely conventional and quite eclectic by any standard. Pepping was born in Duisburg in 1901. He has been largely occupied in the field of church music, though his chamber works have been played extensively in Germany. This example of Pepping's work is not very impressive, reminding us that *Te deum* and tedium are antinomous. His work is both. Critic Adam Adrio believes that Pepping's writing may have received its characteristic stamp and the sign of its universality from "this very dialectical tension between his vocal and instrumental music." But this work can be described more succinctly. It is simply dull.

Nevertheless, we must be grateful to all involved for assembling this excellent package of scores and recordings. Were it not for this project, many of these composers might remain entirely unknown outside of their own small circles.

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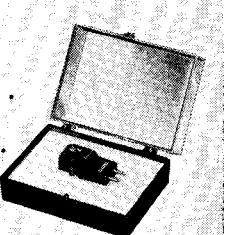

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A Fusillade from Stravinsky

"Conversations with Igor Stravinsky," by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft *(Doubleday. 162 pp. $4). The Music Critic of the* New York Herald Tribune *considers the opinions and attitudes of Igor Stravinsky as reflected in the probings of Robert Craft in an extended sequence of questions and answers.*

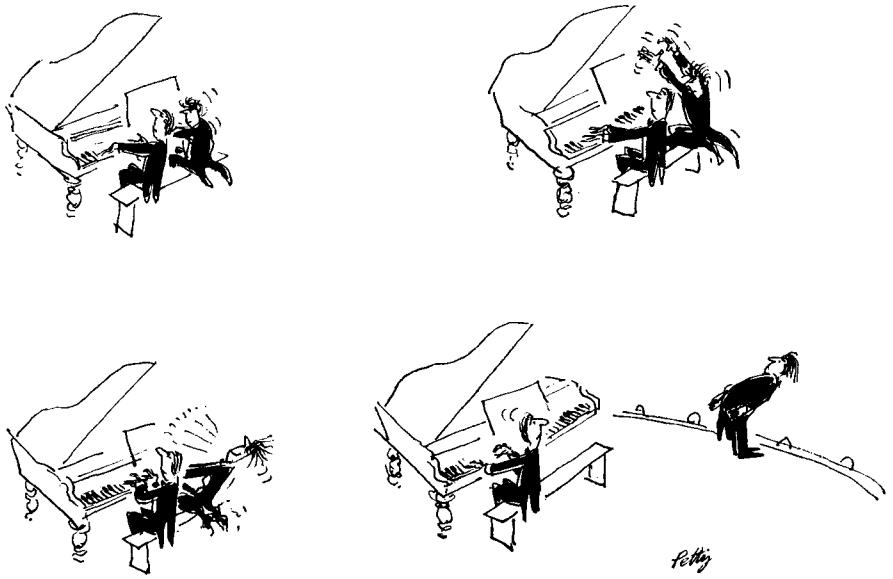
By Paul Henry Lang

THE will to create something new is at the heart of every epoch, and an epoch is great only when it does create anew. Only the philistine, ignorant of the march of art, fails to see the kaleidoscopic picture of diversity and change. This book, daringly planned and impudently executed, is devoted to one of the greatest contemporary protagonists of new music, whose message has reached every corner of the musical world and created a cult that has found many adherents in America. Tolstoi declared war on the modern world with the Gospel in hand, denouncing the sophistication of art, and exchanging the nobleman's Western garments for the mujik's tunic and boots. Stravinsky also denounces a great deal, and also declares himself for religion—which, however, must be formal and Latin—but his art must be sophisticated and Western in the extreme. He wants to understand everything, enjoy everything, and believe in little: the priest of epicurianism. Still, he is a dilettante at musical faith. Not so the disciples, notably the pro-apostle and literary mentor, Robert Craft. They know how to organize a faith, and Craft goes about it with a chill calm, finding a common roof for a massive and irregular building. He might say with Montaigne: "I have no more made my book than my book has made me." Instead of seeing his own face in a mirror held up before him, Igor Stravinsky looks through a window opened by Robert Craft.

A composer as commentator is perhaps inevitably less than his full self. Igor Stravinsky as a man of letters was regarded at times as brilliant, at others annoying, but always a willful purveyor of paradox. And if he cannot convey his musical philosophy except in a fusillade, it is because humor and modesty are not the essence of the man. This indissolubility of pose and wisdom in Stravinsky's *obiter dicta* makes it very difficult to extract from him a true philosophy, an ethic, a system of music. The struggle between the force of immediate instinct and of abstract reasoning is incessant. Nor is his literary style his own ("I lack words and have no gift for this sort of thing anyway"), yet even when he is compelled to express himself in the verbal style of someone else (the text shows careful editing), the force of his own personality, imagery, and thought does break through. But we also recognize the endless pulling and thrusting, the irrepressible urge to reach for immortality. Yet however searching his logic and robust his contempt, we often feel, as he pursues his course, that he is a little limited, a little superficial, a little too positively and imperturbably a man of destiny.

It strikes me as monstrous presumption to consider oneself superior to practically all other musicians, and monstrous perversity to have to find delight in preciosity and ultra highbrow refinements. But then, it seems to me that Stravinsky is at a certain disadvantage as an author, for he is not given much freedom and is constantly being asked leading questions. The interlocutor, Robert Craft, groups his questions definitely with an idea of gratifying a faction. But they lose their force when abstracted from the context, for Craft does not distinguish between what belongs to "faith" and what to witticism and *bon mot* in the Stravinskian philosophy, or where his wisdom differs from arrogance. We get from the interrogator's attempts at directed analysis a stronger and stronger suspicion that, with all this defiant parade of logic and rationality, the great musician was not really permitted to express himself as best he might, since Craft had not the least intention of abandoning anything he wished him to profess. His own ideas, incorporated with the enthusiasm of friendship, do not seem at all points to fit quite naturally into the Stravinskian framework. Certain musicians, certain devices, certain types—the reader gets to know them well—have an *a priori* rightness, certain others are *a priori* damned. It strikes me as extraordinarily ruthless that in this book by two Americans, one by birth, the other by choice, not one American name appears, though perhaps the fact that every one but "the three Viennese and I," be it Vivaldi or Bartók, gets equally short shrift explains this in an oblique way.

The volume has been so arranged as to show the musical moralist, Craft, through the composer's utterances. But Stravinsky's arguments themselves, together with the exhortations seemingly derived from them, have their place in his portrait. Though there is wisdom enough in the eminent composer's thoughts on music, and there are many acute, felicitous, and utterly professional observations that cause great delight, though he is often unassailable, his is a style of moralizing that is suspect. The Stravinsky of these judgments and denunciations and commandments has an embarrassing *parti pris*; unflinching though his words may be,



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they often strike very little response from those outside the coterie. His views of present-day music—or any other kind of music—are so narrowly austere, his scorn for his contemporaries with the exception of the "three Viennese" so unreserved, that one reads the book with a mounting despair, in spite of the many interesting and substantial ideas.

The rational musical aesthetics that Stravinsky preaches to the world at large in his regenerate (i.e. dodecaphonic) period shines through most of the discussions in this volume, but is often obscured by a passion for puritanism. However, the man who denounces self-indulgence has also eaten his cake. He betrays, too, a habit of sweeping generalizations.

There is an important cleavage between the composer and his mentor, resulting from the difference between fantasy known as such by authors and readers alike and that which is not truly fantasy at all, being fact for Robert Craft and error to many of his readers. Craft is also as much in love with the high falutin' language as with what it expresses. His influence on Stravinsky's answers is considerable, though his methods often not unreasonable. Fortunately, Stravinsky has a real appreciation of music which the mistaken superiority of his literary conscience cannot suppress. His penetrating musical wisdom can find a score of musical rationalities and a score of beauties that few others have observed, but the interrogator's coaching makes him also to a considerable extent a puppet. Craft is often blind to the caprices, the anomalies, the individualisms, and the beauties of the musical universe, and pulls his co-author with him.

Of Stravinsky posterity will judge, though it is hoped that this judgment will be based on his music rather than on his writings. He is a truly great composer. You can go from him to all manner of subtleties and sublimities that he does not offer, but you cannot go behind him. Of Craft we can say that he recalls Pope's Martinus Scriblerus and his enigmatic profundities. A sensitive and judicious musician reading his fancy questions might give us the unsurpassed ironical answer Corot gave to an aesthete who pressed for ideas and problems in his pictures: *Non, Monsieur, la peinture est plus bête que cela.* He should not have approached his task with such submission to a narrow theory, for it is impossible to say "this is right," and "this is wrong," as if expressing a consensus of all who know the truth.

This is one of those books which can be expected to delight one class of readers while irritating another.

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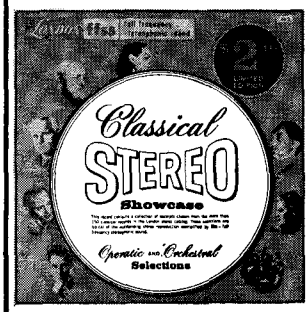
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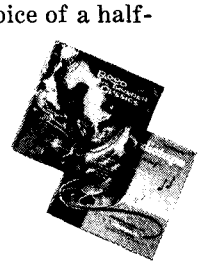

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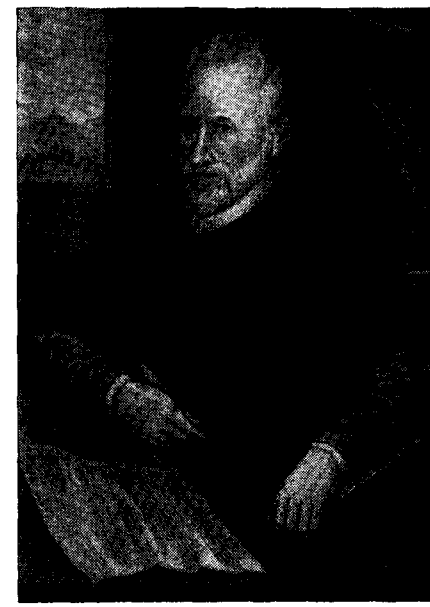
Polyphony by Palestrina and des Prés

By MICHAEL STEINBERG



Palestrina—"a consummate craftsman."

FOUR important monuments of the religious choral polyphony of the Renaissance have been recorded by Erato in France and issued here by Westminster. They are Palestrina's Masses "Lauda Sion" and "Aeterna Christi Munera" (XWN 18693), and still another Palestrina Mass, "Assumpta est Maria," coupled with the Mass "Pange Lingua" by Josquin des Prés (XWN 18836).

Palestrina put the Ordinary of the Mass to music 105 times. Eight settings are now recorded, two here for the first time. "Assumpta est Maria" is now one of the more celebrated Masses, though it seems not to have been published at all during Palestrina's lifetime, nor, indeed, at all until the end of the nineteenth century. It is exceptionally rich in texture, being composed for six voices (five- and four-part writing are a more normal density for the sixteenth century). "Lauda Sion" and "Aeterna Christi Munera," from Palestrina's fourth and fifth Mass books, published in 1582 and 1590 respectively, are both from among the four voice works and are new to records.

Confronted with three of Palestrina's Masses at once, one tends at first to notice their likenesses more than their differences, though "Assumpta est Maria" does at once stand out because of its fuller sound. For Palestrina, the Mass settings do not represent 105 different theological or dramatic penetrations into the familiar text. The composer was a consummate craftsman, richly endowed with melodic invention and gifted with an ear unsurpassed in its sensitiveness to choral euphony. He was perhaps not much of a poet or psychologist, but to "interpret" a liturgical text (in the sense in which Beethoven, Berlioz, or Verdi did) was no part of his intention. He writes at all times as beautifully as he can: this is exactly what Bach does when a text offers him nothing to "interpret," as in the doctrinal clauses toward the end of the Credo, the very clauses that Beethoven happily drowns out by having most of the chorus shout the word "Credo" over and again while they are being declaimed. Palestrina's standard of writing "as beautifully as possible" being what it is, the results in these three Masses are most moving.

Just as Palestrina does not anticipate nineteenth-century ideas about religious texts, neither does he employ classical or romantic architectural and rhetorical devices. He builds climaxes through the shape of his melodies's curves, and by increasing the tensions in the rhythmic relationships of his vocal parts. Dynamic contrast is achieved by actually adding to or subtracting from the number of singing voices. The massive swell, the sudden hush, the drastic tempo change, the rhetorical retard, the association of slow-soft and fast-loud, all these are unknown to Palestrina. Not, alas, to R. P. Emile Martin, who conducts Les Chanteurs de Saint-Eustache in the three performances. His stylistic references are almost all to music much later than Palestrina's, and the resulting solecisms are often disturbing. Disturbing only, though, not destructive, because even when it is in the wrong style, the conducting and the singing it produces are musical. The feeling for the shape of a phrase is all there, the choral sound is good, though neither glamorous nor sumptuous, and the records quite successfully convey the idea that this is all very beautiful music.

Even more beautiful is Josquin's Mass "Pange Lingua," written shortly before its composer's death in 1521, the product of the fully matured and totally inspired mind of the most exciting personality in Western music before 1600. Philippe Caillard, who conducts his own vocal ensemble,

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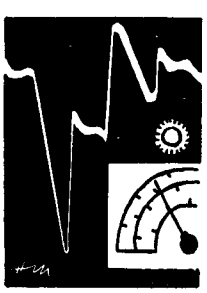
provides a good, though not deeply expressive, performance. His reserve is perhaps the result of a conscientious attempt not to burden the work with alien stylistic elements. The voices here are somewhat more shaggy than those of the Saint-Eustache group; also, the chorus evidently had some pitch problems that had to be adjusted between takes. Thus the Sanctus, Osanna, and Benedictus all begin disturbingly sharp in relation to the preceding movements. The results throughout are musical and wholly acceptable.

QUITE another side of Renaissance music is represented by groups of madrigals by Frescobaldi and Gesualdo, recorded for Westminster (XWN 18812) by The Randolph Singers, offered with the Italian texts and excellent translations by Irving Portner. Frescobaldi has always been tagged as a composer whose importance is centered about his keyboard music, and historians as well as performers have tended to take on faith the judgment of one of his contemporaries that he was "rather infelicitous and even inept in vocal composition." The works recorded here are not among the great Italian madrigals, but they are far from dull or conventional. They were published in Frescobaldi's twenty-sixth year, 1608, the year not only of his first appearance in print, but that of his appointment as organist at St. Peter's in Rome. Being early works, the madrigals are still quite firmly grounded in the sixteenth century, and they hardly suggest the fantastic baroque invention of the better known Frescobaldi of the organ and harpsichord world.

On the reverse side of the record there are seven Gesualdo madrigals, exciting, all of them, in their extraordinary use of harmonic color to further the composer's almost neurotically hypersensitive attention to the text. Two of these pieces as well as all of Frescobaldi's are otherwise unrecorded, and it is painful to report that the music is virtually obliterated by The Randoph Singers, a group for whose vocal sound, Italian pronunciation, interpretive penetration, and above all intonation, I am, I must confess, at a loss to find appropriate words.



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THE simultaneous publication by Odeon and by Westminster of albums of the Bach Sonatas and Partitas for unaccompanied violin is an index of the wide interest taken by the general public today in the master's instrumental works. Thirty years ago average violinists, when asked what they felt about the Bach Sonatas, would have replied that though they were conscious of the greatness of the music they never obtained complete satisfaction when they heard them, for even the greatest soloists seemed ill at ease with them. Even in the early nineteenth century, when Mendelssohn launched the great revival of Bach by his performance of the St. Matthew Passion at Berlin in 1829, he and Schumann tried to stimulate interest in the Chaconne of the second Partita by writing accompaniments (they were published in 1854).

The violin was Bach's first instrument and at an early age he learned its secrets from his father, John Ambrose Bach, a violinist of Eisenach, and he became familiar with the beautiful instruments fashioned by the Cremonese luthiers, Niccolò Amati and Antonio Stradivari for Arcangelo Corelli in Rome, and Antonio Vivaldi in Venice. The young Johann Sebastian soon enlarged his musical circle, and passing on from the church and chamber Sonatas of Corelli and the concertos of Vivaldi he absorbed works by the spirited French composers of "Le Roi Soleil," such as Rébel, one of the "Vingt-quatre violons du Roi," who composed music for violin alone. Already, too, in Bach's youth the German monarchs had invited to Germany the celebrated virtuosi, such as Veracini and Tartini, and had sent the young German violinists abroad to study with Corelli and Vivaldi, with the result that violin technique in Germany had advanced by leaps and bounds, as we can see from such works as Biber's Sonatas for violin, which were published in 1681. Biber and Thomas Baltzar (another German virtuoso, celebrated in Paris at the time of Lully) taught Bach to consider the violin not merely as a melodic instrument in the Italian manner, but one capable of playing in various voices. Already after his studies at the college of Lüneburg he obtained when eighteen the post of solo violin and assistant concertmeister in the private chapel of the Prince of Saxony. During his years at the court of Weimar (1703-1717) and during the Cöthen period (1717-1723), when he directed the band of Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen, a talented violoncellist, he performed German, French and Italian instrumental music, consorting with such famed virtuosi as Johann von Westhoff and Pisendel. The Cöthen years were the happiest in the composer's life and his serenity is reflected in the lyrical melodies and piquant rhythms of these Sonatas and Partitas, which were published in 1720, on the eve of his marriage to the fair Anna Magdalena Wilcken, who, it is said, copied the master's score for the first edition.

There is, it should be noted, a difference between the words "Sonatas" and "Suite" or Partita. In Italy, Corelli divided his Sonatas into two classes: those of formal pattern that he played in the Sistine chapel on Sundays called Church Sonatas (*Sonata da Chiesa*), and those that he performed in the palace of his patron, Cardinal Ottabuoni, called Chamber Sonatas (*Sonata da Camera*), which consisted of a succession of dances. In England a succession of dances was called "Suite"; in France, "Ordre"; in Germany, "Partita."

When considering the technique of these works we must not forget that in Bach's day the stringing of the instrument and the curve of the bridge made possible a more simultaneous performance of the notes of a chord. In the Germany of the Baroque period the stick of the bow was of almost semicircular shape and the tension of the hair was regulated by the thumb.

The great merit of Henryk Szerying's interpretations of Bach is that he has combined his profound musicianship with his technical mastery of the violin in an attempt to solve the problems that baffled many a preceding virtuoso. While accentuating the passionate lyrical quality of the instrument in the cantabile movements, he has made the voices of the fugues converse with each other without ever losing the horizontal movement of the music. Possessing as he does so many technical assets all rigidly controlled, he produces magnificent climaxes as in the two fugues of the first two Sonatas. His performance is more satisfying than the exuberance of Julian Olevsky who, when a *presto* arrives, whips up his violin as if it were a race horse. —WALTER STARKIE.

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Lincoln Center

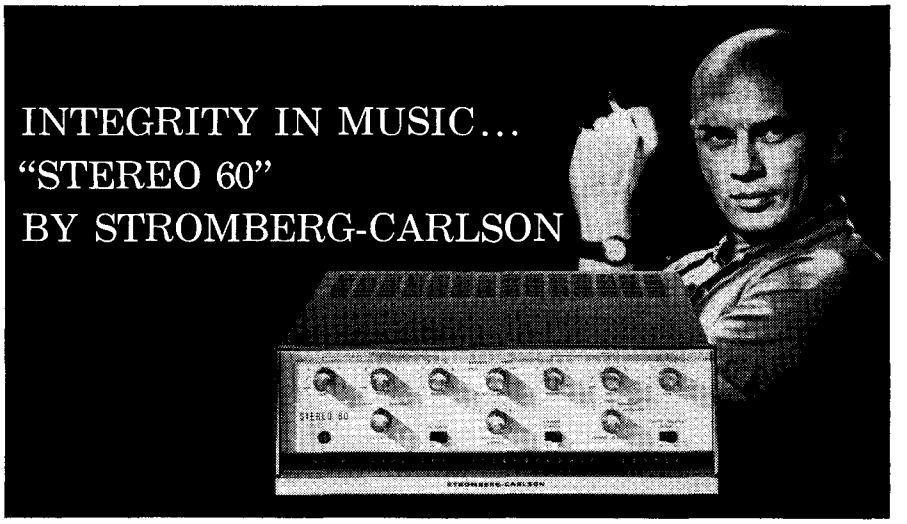
Continued from page 37

expected that resident companies will play longer seasons in their air-conditioned houses, but it is anticipated that an expanded audience will cause the months presently regarded as out-of-season to be in useful demand by visiting companies from all over the world. In fact the prospect of important summer festivals at Lincoln Center may be but a few years removed from reality.

The difference between what is best for a visiting attraction, booked only for the length of time it can fill its theatre, and a house whose capacity is designed to obtain the highest quality of performance from resident companies, is the vital issue in recent criticism of the size of Lincoln Center's houses. In commenting on the Center's plans, a famous impresario has been quoted in the press as saying, "No concert hall should be built in New York today with fewer than 3,500 seats." But, by the standards of acoustical quality, modern comfort and safety that New Yorkers have a right to expect, such a house cannot be built. If (for the sake of argument) it were possible to build it, it is unlikely that a resident orchestra could long survive the pressure of its magnitude through even the present standard length season of thirty weeks averaging three or four concerts a week. The fact that there is in the world no important concert hall-home of a resident orchestra of this capacity may perhaps argue more strongly than words against ever building one.

CONTRARY to popular critical belief, the present business experience in orchestra (Philharmonic) and opera (Metropolitan and City Center) attendance shows that the high-priced seats sell first and outsell the low-priced. In fact, over a full season the unsold low-priced seats outnumber unsold high-priced seats, in some instances by as much as five to one.

These last few years have brought boom times to the Metropolitan Opera and Philharmonic box offices. Such SRO business has made their existing quarters appear if not too small at least barely adequate. But—to borrow a phrase associated with an unrelated performing art—a house is not a home if that house is so large that its resident orchestra or opera company cannot survive in it in depressed times as well as boom times. The overhead of large theatres is sized to match, and the psychological effect of acres of empty seats on small audiences in partially filled houses heaps human



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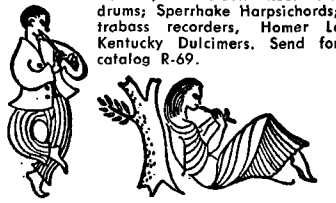

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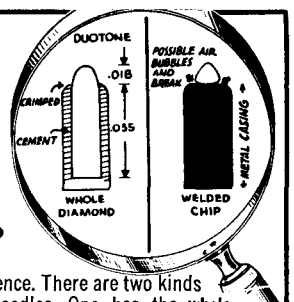

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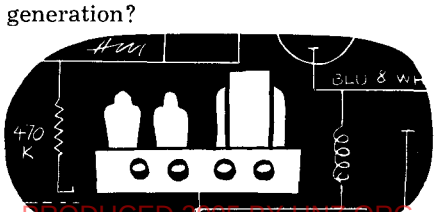
depression on economic depression. Lincoln Center is planned for 100 years. It would ill serve New York and the nation if it built inflated theatres for inflationary times, which later became the super-garage or office-building tombs of defunct, once great institutions. Trustees of the public's cultural savings should not invest in the speculative quick turnover and in the grandiose.

The same impresario who favored a 3,500-seat concert hall declared that the Theatre for the Dance and Operetta should be built to take care of a minimum of 4,500. Again, there is no precedent for such giantism among the great theatres of the world that house resident operetta and ballet companies. Hit Broadway musicals open in theatres of such capacity as to require sometimes twelve to eighteen months of SRO business before they begin to show a profit. Their producers do not elect such an investment hazard from choice. If larger theatres were practical for such musicals, so that they could "work off their nut" in a much shorter time, there would be many such houses on Broadway and they would be very popular. Instead, such rare memory-giants as the Hippodrome, the Century, and the late-lamented Center Theatre are gone with the dinosaur—historic testimony to the limitations of human eye and ear and to the demand for intimacy between stage and audience (as well as the feeling of intimacy within the audience itself) which have proven theatres of such large capacity unacceptable except for short visits of traveling spectacles.

Herein lies the great difference between these two points of view. Are Lincoln Center's theatres to be built for a century as ideal settings for the human voice and for musical instruments, or are they to be built for only tomorrow's stimulating jangle of the cash register? Is the greatest city in the world better served by traveling companies, if and when available, on a short run at maximum audience basis and with the obvious limitations of repertoire needed to safeguard such a procedure—or by a resident symphony orchestra, a repertory opera company and a repertory ballet company whose healthy existence, week in and week out, year in and year out, becomes an important common denominator of the city's cultural background from generation to generation?



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

UNANNOUNCED DELETIONS

I WAS OVERJOYED to read Mr. Freed's article, "Gone but Not Forgotten" (*SR* April 25). For years, I have been greatly irritated by the practice of unannounced deletions from the record catalogues. Many of my favorites have disappeared without warning . . .

Most of the companies are offenders in this regard, although Columbia Records seems to be the worst. Since there is virtually no market in second-hand records (unlike books), the music lover is at a total loss when something he wants and loves is lifted from the catalogue. One suggestion which seems to me to have merit is that record companies send to all dealers, along with notices of new recordings, lists of those which will be cut from the list, say, three months hence. The dealer will then have a chance to notify his customers who might be interested. It seems to me that the sale of records from this procedure would more than compensate the companies for the expense of preparing such lists.

PETER MORSE.

Washington, D. C.

IS THE PRICE RIGHT?

SR IN THE PAST year has commented on many of the developments in recorded music and sound, but has not, to my knowledge, discussed the increases in record prices. Record buyers, collectors, are only too well aware of this phase of recorded music . . .

I suggest that it is quite possible that these increases were justified on no other ground than that the classical record buyer would continue to buy at whatever price the manufacturers thought proper.

I further suggest that the increases in record prices to $4.98 for twelve-inch long-play is imposing upon the good sense of the discerning buyer; that a selling price of $2.50 for a first quality recording in an uncomplicated package and no more than $3.50 in a custom package, are representative of prices that would sustain an increase in sales that would more than offset the reduction in prices in total sales, and profits.

May we have some comment on this subject?

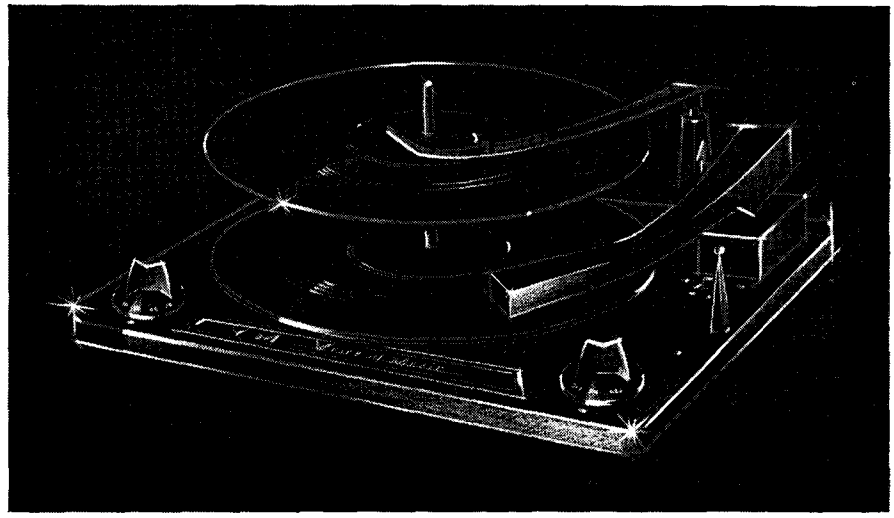
MARVIN PECHTER.

Chicago, Ill.

SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT

THE ARTICLE (*SR* Jan. 31) by Teodoro Celli about the diva Maria Callas was by far the most interesting, explanatory and comprehensive writing yet to be printed about the most controversial musical personality of our time (let's not forget Arturo Toscanini), and a proper beginning for a new series, "Great Artists of Our Time."

Since 1947 I have read much about Callas pro and con, yet this article should once and for all set the record straight as to just what this fantastically gifted person is all about and why she is re-



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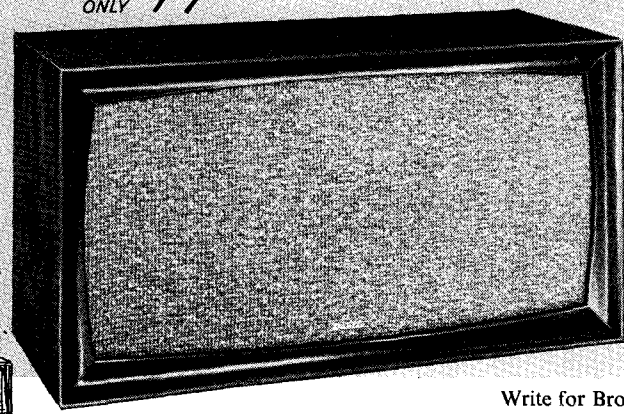

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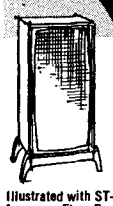

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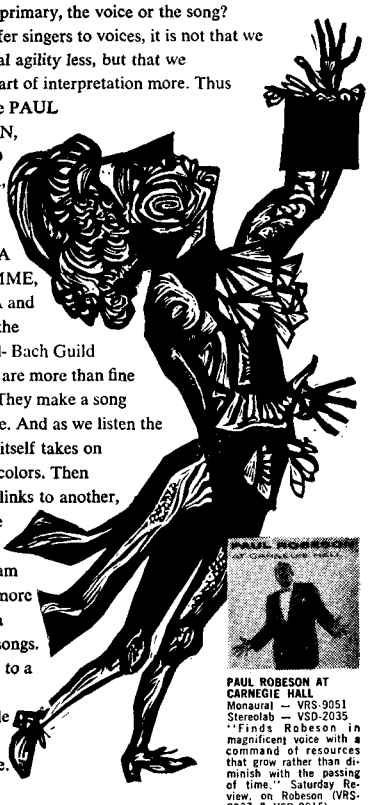

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EDWARD J. LEE,
General Manager.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See "Lincoln Center States Its Case" in this issue.*

CARNEGIE HALL

Ay, put the wrecking crew to work
  And sear away her gilding.
The realtors have sold her for
  A faceless office building.
The boards where Paderewski walked,
  Tchaikovsky and Kappel,
Are only sentimental planks
  Which, businesswise, won't sell.

Why not—it's just a thought—destroy
  The Roxy or the Astor?
Or, say, the Paramount? This would
  Be less of a disaster.
Rip up the gaudy Music Hall
  Or sell the Pix away,
But spare us old Carnegie for
  A future matinee.

They scrapped the first Aquarium;
  They've junked the *Enterprise.*
And when they raze the White House, please
  Don't register surprise.
The old must yield position to
  The glitteringly new,
So Hail! the Coliseum,
  Seagrams, Lever Bros., too!

WM. H. VON DREELE.

New York, N. Y.

TUT, TUT!

IN YOUR COMMENTS about the Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall (*SR*, May 30, 1959) you speak of "architect Tuttle." Don't you mean Tuthill?

DOUGLAS MARSH.

San Benito, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Tuthill is as Tuttle sounds.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes or the like. Rate 50¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and numbers. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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CORRECTION! The price of the Marantz 40-watt Power Amplifier advertised on page 56, May 30th issue of the Saturday Review, should have read $219.00 instead of $198.00. Harvey Radio Company, 1123 Avenue of the Americas (corner of 43rd Street), New York 36, N.Y.

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AUTHOR WOULD LIKE to hear Michelangeli's version of the Schumann Concerto. Jan Holcman, Box J-149.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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C. Arab geographer of 12th cent., made great atlas under King Roger of Sicily.	31 133 5 157 198 55
D. A sort of parking lot for pleasure boats (2 wds.).	91 142 46 52 186 134 49 161 11 93
E. Important Italian city some of whose monuments are tombs of Theodoric, Dante, and home of Byron.	8 18 33 141 69 160 107
F. Verdi's opera on Victor Hugo's important play about a Spanish bandit.	96 187 129 14 72 162
G. What the strict disciplinarian allows, from Miss Blimber down (2 wds.).	15 63 6 43 163 105 125 123 144 196
H. Develop; derive; deduce.	56 19 152 193 181 37
I. Shari Lewis's ventriloquial bird; Mencken's "simulating illness in order to get drugs."	88 95 143 128 179 24 57 73
J. Uninhibited females (2 wds.).	74 130 12 147 64 113 173 20 97
K. Traveling (3 wds.).	188 65 171 17 58 124 101 9 108
L. Heated to excess (figuratively.).	195 2 153 38 62 182 32
M. Shari Lewis's ventriloquial sheep; dainty portion of meat (2 wds.).	35 197 115 7 94 78 81 102
N. French political adventurer condemned by Louis XVI to wear woman's dress for life (1728-1810; with "Chevalier").	23 122 178 149
O. Forcible contact.	167 1 174 159 26 41
P. Probably best-known of the Rougon-Macquart novels.	86 145 109 59
Q. To make more close in any sense.	111 76 54 80 164 155 70
R. Shari Lewis's ventriloquial dog; gastronomic delight of our Deep South (2 wds.).	75 82 25 106 140 36 44 99 119
S. In grammar, a substitution of one part of speech for another, a voice, tense, etc.	132 60 68 183 151 169 83 29
T. Duplicity; shenanigans.	51 168 71 158 85 172 21 53
U. Boat propelled by three rowers, only the middle one of whom uses two oars.	30 47 146 61 148 40
V. Large American spotted wild cat.	87 126 166 103 139 79
W. You're looking at one now.	185 137 10 131 118 22
X. Chafing of spirit; restless longing; anxiety.	45 154 66 194 98 39 116 89 191 104
Y. Most voluble of Shari Lewis's ventriloquial animals; stiffness from muscular strain frequently suffered by athletes (2 wds.).	77 84 192 117 67 180 135 165 127 156 176 4
Z. Describing the milk left after the extraction of cream.	16 136 189 92 114 34 175 121 3

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1	0	2	L	3	Z	4	Y	5	C	6	G		7	M	8	E	9	K	10	W	11	D	12	J	13	B
14	F	15	G	16	Z			17	K	18	E	19	H	20	J			21	T	22	W	23	N	24	I	25	R	26	O	27	B	28	A
29	S	30	U	31	C	32	L			33	E	34	Z	35	M	36	R	37	H	38	L			39	X	40	U			41	O	42	B
43	G	44	R	45	X	46	D	47	U	48	A			49	D	50	A	51	T			52	D	53	T	54	Q	55	C	56	H	57	I
58	K			59	P	60	S	61	U			62	L	63	G	64	J	65	K			66	X	67	Y	68	S	69	E	70	Q	71	T
72	F	73	I			74	J	75	R	76	Q	77	Y	78	M			79	V	80	Q	81	M	82	R	83	S	84	Y			85	T
86	P	87	V	88	I	89	X			90	B	91	D			92	Z	93	D	94	M	95	I	96	F	97	J	98	X			99	R
100	B	101	K	102	M	103	V	104	X	105	G			106	R	107	E	108	K			109	P	110	B	111	Q			112	A	113	J
114	Z	115	M	116	X	117	Y	118	W	119	R			120	B	121	Z	122	N	123	G			124	K	125	G	126	V	127	Y	128	I
129	F	130	J	131	W	132	S	133	C			134	D	135	Y			136	Z	137	W	138	B	139	V	140	R	141	E	142	D	143	I
144	G			145	P	146	U	147	J			148	U	149	N	150	B	151	S	152	H			153	L	154	X	155	Q	156	Y	157	C
158	T	159	O	160	E	161	D			162	F	163	G			164	Q	165	Y	166	V	167	O	168	T			169	S	170	B	171	K
172	T	173	J	174	O	175	Z	176	Y			177	B	178	N			179	I	180	Y	181	H	182	L	183	S	184	A	185	W		
186	D	187	F	188	K	189	Z	190	A	191	X	192	Y	193	H			194	X	195	L	196	G	197	M	198	C						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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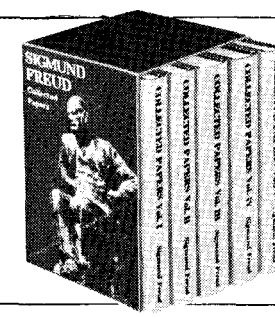

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